

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Paul Jones, from Original Documents in the Possession of JOHN HENRY SHERBURNE, Esq., Register of the Navy of the United States. Post 8vo. pp. 320. London, 1825. Murray.

It would, we think, be quite as easy for Paul Jones to justify his rebellion and piracy, as for the rulers of France, Russia, and the United States, to vindicate the purity of their motives, in honouring him with their especial favour and friendship. Paul Jones was, however, no ordinary man; to a desperate courage, he added considerable attainments, and, though a rebel and a pirate, he sometimes displayed a chivalric honour worthy of a better cause. 'Five-and-twenty years,' as the author of the volume before us observes, in his preface, 'have not elapsed since the nurses of Scotland hushed their crying infants by the whisper of his name, and chap-books are even now to be purchased, in which he is depicted in all the plenitude of terrific glory, the rival of Blackbeard, and the worthy successor of the Buccaneers.'

The life of this extraordinary adventurer is compiled from some documents which were formerly in the possession of the late Robert Hyslop, Esq. of New York, on whose death they were obtained by Mr. George A. Ward, who parted with them to John Henry Sherburne, Esq. the register of the United States Navy. Of their authenticity there seems no doubt; we do, however, think a better use might have been made of them, and of the other facilities the author possessed, than has been done in the volume before us, which, though highly interesting, might have been rendered more so, by a better arrangement, and more attention to the style of the narrative.

John Paul Jones was born in July, 1747, at Arbegland, in the stewartry of Kirkcubright, in Scotland; his father, John Paul, was a gardener, and young Paul received the rudiments of his education at the parochial school of Kirkcubright. He had an early predilection for a seafaring life, and, at the age of twelve, he was bound apprentice to a merchant in the American trade, of the name of Younger. Freed from the trammels of apprenticeship, he made several voyages to various parts of Europe and America. In 1773, we find him in Virginia, arranging the affairs of a brother, who died intestate; and it is supposed that Paul was under some pecuniary difficulties, for he had adopted the name of Jones. In a letter, written three years afterwards, he alludes to a great misfortune which had befallen him, but the nature of which is not known. When in the early part of the dispute with our colonies,

the American Congress resolved to proceed to reprisal, for the maritime aggressions of Great Britain, a naval force was prepared, and Jones, who had just completed his twenty-eighth year, was appointed a first lieutenant in the American navy. The first proceedings of the American squadron were not successful: it failed in an attack on one of the Bahama isles, and the American seamen were panic struck at a few broadsides from the Glasgow man-of-war. On account of the latter rencontre, public discontent caused two court-martials to be held, the result of which was the promotion of Jones to the command of the Providence. Jones felt a deep interest in advancing the American navy, but the officers, as our author candidly acknowledges, 'were not only inefficient in their professional conduct, but unskilful in the general encouragement.' In the letters of Jones, extracts from which are published in the work before us, he offers much earnest and useful advice on the formation of the navy. To what cause we are to attribute his enmity we know not, but he displayed throughout a most rancorous hatred of this country. Jones was *very* active and *very* successful:—

'At the end of the year 1776, he was immediately appointed to the command of a squadron in Rhode Island. The chief point of this expedition was Isle Royal. In his way to this place, Jones fell in with the Mellish, an armed vessel from Liverpool; this ship he captured, and he found that it contained 10,000 suits of uniform, which were intended for the army of General Burgoyne. It so happened, that at this moment the troops of Washington were almost destitute of clothing. The capture of the Mellish was, therefore, most opportune, and tended, in no slight degree, to increase the reputation of Jones. After capturing many prizes, the commander of the little squadron arrived at Isle Royal. All the buildings appropriated to the whale and cod fisheries were destroyed, together with a very valuable transport; but the chief object of the expedition, which was to release the Americans who were confined in the coal mines there, was not effected. Jones complained strongly to Mr. Hewes of the conduct of the officers under him—"it completely overthrew the expedition."

The next year, Jones was appointed to the command of the Ranger, with unlimited instructions. 'We shall not,' said the Congress, 'limit you to any particular cruising station, but leave you at large, to search for yourself where the greatest chance of success presents.' Thus honoured, Jones did not forget his former situation, when he lived twenty months on £50, and in a letter writ-

ten at this time, with a statement of his debts and debtors, he gives a striking proof of his filial affection. 'As I hope,' says he, in a letter written in 1777, 'my dear mother is still alive, I must inform you, that I wish my property in Tobago, or in England, after paying my just debts, to be applied for her support.'

While the British troops occupied a great portion of America, Paul Jones formed a plan for attacking the coast of England. He sailed for France, and had the honour of the first salute the American flag had received; he then determined to make a descent on Whitehaven:—

'The harbour of Whitehaven was one of the most important in Great Britain, containing generally four hundred sail, and some of a very considerable size. The town itself contained near 60,000 inhabitants, and was strongly fortified. When night came on, the wind became so light, that the Ranger could not approach as near the shore as its commander had originally intended. At midnight, therefore, he left the ship, with two boats and thirty-one men, who volunteered to accompany him. As they reached the out-pier, the day began to dawn: in spite, however, of this circumstance, Jones determined not to abandon the enterprise, but, despatching one boat with Lieutenant Wallingford with the necessary combustibles to the north side of the harbour, he proceeded with the other party to the southern side. There was a dead silence when Jones, at the head of his party, scaled the walls. He succeeded in spiking all the cannon of the first fort; and the sentinels, being shut up in the guard-house, were fairly surprised. Having succeeded thus far, Jones, with only one man, spiked up all the cannon on the southern fort, distant from the other a quarter of a mile.

'These daring exploits being all performed without disturbing a single being, Jones anxiously looked for the expected blaze on the north side of the harbour. His anxiety was further increased, as all the combustibles had been intrusted to the northern party, they, after performing their task, having to join him to fire the shipping on the south side. The anxiously-expected blaze did not, however, appear; Jones hastened to Lieutenant Wallingford, and found the whole party in confusion, their light having burnt out at the instant when it became necessary. By a sad fatality his own division were in the same plight, for, in hurrying to the southern party, their candles had also burnt out. The day was breaking, and the failure of the expedition seemed complete. Any other commander but Jones would, in this pre-

dilemma, have thought himself fortunate in making his retreat good; but Jones would not retreat. He had the boldness to send a man to a house detached from the town to ask for a light; the request was successful, and fire was kindled in the steerage of a large ship, which was surrounded by at least one hundred and fifty others, chiefly from two to four hundred tons burden. There was not time to fire any more than one place, and Jones's care was to prevent that one from being easily extinguished. After some search a barrel of tar was found, and poured into the flames, which now burnt up from all the hatchways. "The inhabitants," says Jones in his letter to the American commissioners, "began to appear in thousands, and individuals ran hastily towards us; I stood between them and the ship on fire, with a pistol in my hand, and ordered them to retire, which they did with precipitation. The flames had already caught the rigging, and began to ascend the mainmast; the sun was a full hour's march above the horizon, and as sleep no longer ruled the world, it was time to retire; we reembarked without opposition. After all my people had embarked, I stood upon the pier for a considerable time, yet no persons advanced; I saw all the eminences around the town covered with the enraged inhabitants."

"When we had rowed to a considerable distance from the shore, the English began to run in vast numbers to their forts. Their disappointment may be easily imagined, when they found at least thirty cannon, the instruments of their vengeance, rendered useless. At length, however, they began to fire; having, as I apprehend, either brought down ship-guns, or used one or two cannon which lay on the beach at the foot of the walls, dismantled, and which had not been spiked. They fired with no direction, and the shot falling short of the boats, instead of doing any damage, afforded us some diversion, which my people could not help showing by firing their pistols, &c. in return of the salute. Had it been possible to have landed a few hours sooner, my success would have been complete; not a single ship out of more than two hundred could possibly have escaped, and all the world would not have been able to have saved the town."

Jones carried off three prisoners, "as a sample," as he brutally expresses it. We are amused at his biographer, praising Jones's zeal for his cause, forgetting that Great Britain was his country, and that, in adopting America, he became a rebel and a renegade. Jones afterwards descended on St. Mary's, and his men (for he refused to join in it) carried off the family plate of the Earl of Selkirk; he afterwards captured the Drake, and without denying him great courage, yet his desperate heroism was that of a pirate, who knew capture would be followed by an ignominious death. Jones entered into an elaborate and affected correspondence with the Countess of Selkirk, offering to return the plate, which renders his character somewhat mysterious. After various adventures, we find him again on the English coast, fighting one of the most desperate battles on record:—

"The Serapis, forty-four guns, was one of the finest frigates in his majesty's navy, and had been off the stocks only a few months. Her crew were picked men, and she was commanded by Captain Richard Pearson, an officer celebrated, even in the British navy, for his undaunted courage and exemplary conduct. The Bon Homme Richard was an old ship with decayed timbers, and had made four voyages to the East Indies. Many of her guns were useless, and all were ancient. Her crew consisted partly of Americans, partly of French, partly of English, and partly of Maltese, Portuguese, and Malays; and this crew was weak also in numbers, for two boats' crews had been lost on the coast of Ireland; and, to add to accumulated misfortunes, Jones's first lieutenant, and eighteen men in the pilot-boat, did not join the Bon Homme Richard in time for battle."

"Before the engagement commenced, there was not a man in the Bon Homme Richard who was ignorant of the superiority of the Serapis, both in metal and in men. The Portuguese and the other foreigners could speak neither French nor English, and, chattering in their native tongues, without ceasing, added not a little to the difficulties which presented themselves. The American commander had nothing to trust to but his own undaunted courage and extraordinary skill."

"The position of the Bon Homme being to windward of the Serapis, the Bon Homme passed ahead of her, and the Serapis came up on the larboard quarter of the American."

"The action commenced abreast of each other, and the broadsides were almost simultaneous. The Serapis, however, passed ahead of the Bon Homme with the intention of gaining distance sufficient to rake; but this manœuvre failed, from want of distance; and, to avoid being boarded by the Bon Homme, Captain Pearson sent his helm a-lee. This movement brought the two ships in a line, and the Bon Homme ran her bows into the stern of the Serapis. The English now hailed the Bon Homme, to know whether they had struck. Jones himself answered, "that he had not yet begun to fight." But the truth was, that the broadsides of the Serapis had already produced an effect. The Bon Homme, before eight o'clock, had received several eighteen-pounders under water, and leaked very much. Jones received no assistance from his squadron: the Pallas was engaged with the Countess of Scarborough, the Vengeance held off at a distance, and the Alliance declined interfering altogether. The position in which the two contending frigates were now placed was most favourable to Jones, for not a gun could take effect on either side, and he thus gained some moments for consideration, which the American commander stood much in need of. Besides her superior force, he had already perceived that the English was the much more manageable ship of the two. The Bon Homme now backed her top-sails, and those of the Serapis being filled, the ships separated. The bowsprit of the Serapis now came over the Bon Homme's poop by the mizen-mast. Jones darted like a cat upon his prey, and immediately grappled. The action of the

wind on the enemy's sails forced her stern close to the Bon Homme's bow, "so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship touching the opponent's side." This was a bold way of saving a sinking ship, and preventing the effect of eighteen pounders under water!

"The battle," to use Jones's own words, "was fought with unremitting fury." The rammers were run into the respective ships to enable the men to load. The Serapis now fought with the actual view of sinking the enemy, and her broadsides were incessant. The battery of twelve pounders, on which Jones had placed his chief dependence, which was commanded by his only lieutenant, and manned by Americans, was entirely silenced and abandoned; of the six old eighteen pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun deck, most burst, and killed almost all the men who were stationed to manage them. At the same time, Colonel Chamillard, who commanded a party of twenty French volunteers on the poop, abandoned his station, after having lost nearly all his band. There were only two nine pounders on the quarter deck, that were not silenced. The purser, who commanded the party that worked these guns, was shot through the head; and Jones, in this critical moment, when he almost required the faculty of ubiquity, was obliged to fill the purser's place. With great difficulty he rallied a few men, and shifted over one of the lee quarter deck guns; these three nine pounders played well, but not one of the heavier cannon of the Bon Homme was fired during the rest of the action.

"During this hot work the American commander was fully convinced that sooner or later his ship must sink, yet Commodore Dale, one of the most eminent of the American officers now living, and who was Jones's first lieutenant during the engagement, says, that Jones never once flinched during the whole conflict; and that even during the greater horrors which are to follow, "nothing could depress his ardour, or change his determination."

"Jones, however, had well lined his tops, and these seconded the exertions of his little battery. He directed the fire of one of the three cannons against the mainmast of the Serapis with double-headed shot, while the two other were equally well served with grape and canister to silence the enemy's musketry and clear her decks. The fire from the tops of the Bon Homme was conducted with such skill and effect, that, ultimately, every man who appeared on the deck of the Serapis was immediately disposed of. Captain Pearson then ordered the survivors to keep below. Here they were not more secure. The powder monkeys of the Serapis finding no officer to receive the eighteen pound cartridges, which it was their duty to supply, threw them on the main deck and then went off for more. These cartridges being scattered along the deck, and many of them being broken, it so happened, that some of the hand grenades thrown from the fore-yard of the Bon Homme, which was directly over the main

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hatch of the *Serapis*, fell upon this powder and produced a most awful explosion. The effect was terrific; more than twenty of the English were blown to pieces. Pearson, as he afterwards acknowledged, was now on the point of surrendering, when the cowardice of three of the under officers of the *Bon Homme* induced them to call out "quarter!" The English commander personally demanded of Jones whether he surrendered; the American commander personally answered in the most decided negative.

The action now commenced with redoubled fury; Jones still succeeded in keeping the enemy's deck clear; but the fire of their cannon, especially of the lower battery, which was formed of eighteen pounders, was incessant. Both ships were now on fire in several places. The *Bon Homme* was several times under the necessity of suspending the combat to extinguish the flames, which were often within a few inches of the magazine. The water also gained upon them. "I had two enemies to contend with," said Jones, "besides the English,—fire and water!"

At this moment, the *Alliance* appeared, and Jones now thought the battle was at an end; but, to his utter astonishment, *Landais* discharged a broadside full into the stern of the *Bon Homme*. The crew cried to him, "For God's sake to forbear firing into the *Bon Homme* Richard," but *Landais* passed along the offside of the ship, and continued his firing. There was no possibility of his mistaking the *Bon Homme* for the *Serapis*, for there was the most essential difference in their appearance and construction; it was full moonlight, too, and the sides of the American were all black, and of the *Serapis* yellow. For greater security, Jones gave the signal of reconnaissance, but nothing availed: the *Alliance* passed round, firing into her commodore's ship's head, stern, and broadside, and, by one of her volleys, killed several men and wounded a valuable officer. "My situation," says Jones, "was now really deplorable."

The *Alliance* at last sailed off; not, however, without giving the *Bon Homme* several shots under water. This was perfect destruction. The leak gained ground on the pumps, and the fire increased so much on board both ships, that some officers advised Jones to strike, "of whose courage and good sense he entertained the highest opinion."

It was a grand scene that the *Charmel* witnessed that night. A numerous fleet had taken refuge under the walls of Scarborough Castle; the *Bon Homme* and *Serapis*, joined in an encounter almost unparalleled for its fierceness and duration, finely contrasted with the picturesque and shattered appearance of the *Pallas* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, now both silenced; and the moon, which was extremely bright and full, lighted up, not only this magnificent scene, but *Flamborough Head*, and the surrounding heights covered with the inhabitants of all the neighbouring towns.

While the American commodore appeared to be hesitating, whether he should follow the advice of his officers, his master at arms, who was frightened out of his wits, suddenly

let loose all the prisoners, amounting to nearly five hundred, telling them, "to save themselves, as the ship was going to sink."

This last misfortune seemed to be decisive. One prisoner jumped over to the enemy, and told them, that if they held out a moment longer the enemy must strike. "Our rudder," says Jones, in his letter to Franklin, "was entirely off; the stern-frame and transoms were almost entirely cut away; the timbers by the lower deck, especially from the mainmast to the stern, being greatly decayed by age, were mangled beyond every power of description; and a person must have been an eye-witness, to have formed a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin that everywhere appeared." Yet, notwithstanding this state,—notwithstanding that the prisoners were loose,—that the ship was on fire in many places, and that there was five feet of water in the hold, Jones determined to fight on. He observed what his affrighted crew had overlooked—he saw the mainmast of the *Serapis* shake, and his practised ear told him, that "their firing decreased." He took care that his own should immediately increase; and at half-past ten, in the sight of thousands, the flag of England, which had been nailed to the mast of the *Serapis*, was struck by Captain Pearson's own hands. Her mainmast at the same time went overboard.

Had Napoleon commanded the British frigate, he would have said, that he "ought to have won." Very probably the brave English captain thought the same.

Before anything, except the wounded, could be removed, the *Bon Homme* Richard sank. The *Countess of Scarborough* had previously struck to the *Pallas*.

Jones afterwards endeavoured to stir up the Dutch government against us, and his fleet was allowed shelter in the *Texel*, until, through the interference of our ambassador, an order for his dismissal was obtained:—

As, therefore, in a very short time, the American commander was, in all probability, to close his brief but splendid career, he felt it a duty to draw up a short memoir of his public life, and to transmit it to the American Congress. After a long statement, by which he shows that it has never been his fortune to have possession of means equal to his conceptions, he says of his European exploits, that the first object of his life "was to secure an exchange of American prisoners in Europe; and my second, to put an end to burnings in America, by making one good fire of the English shipping. I succeeded in the first, in a manner far more glorious than my most flattering ideas had expected, when I left France."

In the second, I endeavoured to deserve success; but a wise officer of mine observed, that it was a "rash thing," and that nothing could be got by burning poor people's property. I must, however, do the gentleman the justice to mention his acknowledgment, that "he had no turn for enterprise;" and I must also do equal justice to my former officers in the *Providence* and the *Alfred*, by declaring, that had they then been with me in the *Ranger*, two hundred and fifty or three

hundred sail of large ships, at *Whitehaven*, would have been laid in ashes.

He finished by saying, "I have not drawn my sword in our glorious cause for hire; but in the support of the dignity of human nature, and in obedience to the genuine divine feelings of philanthropy; I hoisted, with my own hands, the flag of Freedom, the first time it was displayed on the *Delaware*; I have attended it ever since with veneration on the ocean. I claimed and obtained its first salute from that of France, before our independence was otherwise announced in that kingdom; and no man can wish more ardently to support its rising glory than myself."

In gaining an order for the dismissal of Jones from the *Texel*, the English ambassador had conceived that his grand object was obtained; for so completely did the American frigate appear to be blockaded, that escape seemed utterly impossible. One morning, however, Jones, with a favouring breeze, suddenly dashed from his retreat, and, "in spite of all their cruising-ships and squadrons," fairly made his escape. "I am, my dear philosopher," he writes to M. Dumas, "this moment arrived here. We have made our way good through the *Channel*, in spite of the utmost efforts of Britain to prevent it. I had the pleasure of laughing, at their expense, as we passed the *Dowus*, in spite of their ships of war, and along the coast, in full view of the *Isle of Wight*."

But while we admire the admirable skill with which the American commander eluded the snares of his persecutors, with what other feelings shall we view the conduct of that man, who, in a situation of such imminent and extraordinary peril, was calmly employed in scribbling some complimentary stanzas to an absent fair one! Yet such was the fact. The daughter of M. Dumas, like all other fair dames, had made an early impression on the sensitive heart of Paul Jones. The lady wrote very pretty verses to a man pre-eminent for his chivalric gallantry. The neglect which he had been guilty of, in not answering her last verses from the *Hague*, appears to have weighed more upon his mind than all the squadrons and remonstrances of his enemy. The bad condition of the *Alliance* had prevented Jones's favourite wish of cruising for some time against the enemy before his return to France. Next to not being captured, he was extremely desirous of returning with a capture. He was obliged, however, from the cause we have just stated, to put in at *Cologne*, from which place he immediately despatched the letter to M. Dumas, from which we have already quoted. "To show you," he continues, "that I am entirely disposed to obey you, I have enclosed *un petit badinage* for the virgin muse, but, if I do not find critical mercy, you shall not take me in so a second time."

As verses composed under such circumstances may perhaps, like a more celebrated effusion, "be considered as a psychological curiosity," the reader will most probably not be displeased with their appearance.

Verses written on board the *Alliance*, off *Ushant*, the 1st day of January, 1781, immediately

after escaping out of the Texel from the blockade of the British fleet; being in answer to a piece written and sent to the Texel by a young lady at the Hague.

TO MISS DUMAS.

'Were I, Paul Jones, dear maid, the "King of Sea,"

I find such merit in thy virgin song,
A coral crown with bays I'd give to thee,
A car, which on the waves should smoothly
glide along;

The Nereides all about thy side should wait,
And gladly sing in triumph of thy state,
"Vivat, vivat," the happy virgin muse!
Of Liberty the friend,—whom tyrant power pur-
sues!

'Or happier lot! were fair Colombia free
From British tyranny; and youth still mine,
I'd tell a tender tale to one like thee
With artless looks, and breast as pure as thine.
If she approved my flame, distrust apart,
Like faithful turtles, we'd have but one heart;
Together then we'd tune the silver lyre,
As Love or sacred Freedom should our lays in-
spire.

'But since, alas! the rage of war prevails,
And cruel Britons desolate our land,
For Freedom still I spread my willing sails,
My unsheathed sword my injured country shall
command.

Go on, bright maid, the muses all attend
Genius like thine, and wish to be its friend.
Trust me, although conveyed through this poor
shift,

My new year's thoughts are grateful for thy
virgin gift.

'The escape of Paul Jones exhausted the patience of the court of London, and war was soon after declared against the Low Countries. The harbouring of the American commodore at the Texel was the subject of the first article of the declaration. Thus was this extraordinary man the means by which a powerful European government joined in the "common cause" to which he was so devoted!

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Picturesque and Descriptive Tour in the Mountains of the High Pyrenees.

(Concluded from p. 594.)

IN resuming our notice of this elegant work, we must again regret our inability to do justice to the author's sketches of the wild and romantic scenery of the Pyrenees; we are, therefore, again compelled to resort to his descriptions. The village of Gédre particularly attracted the attention of Mr. Hardy, who says, 'although a residence of five weeks in the mountains had accustomed my eye to stupendous objects, yet here the mind and eye seemed incapable of embracing their immensity:—

'The village of Gédre is placed at the opening of a lateral valley from the south-east. From this valley issues a considerable torrent, which exhibits a superb curiosity: behind the small inn, a large mass of rocks chokes up the valley, and has turned aside the direct course of the impetuous torrent, which has forced for itself an opening, ten feet in diameter, into a natural grotto, the roof of which is nearly matted over with the thickest foliage, festooned in the most graceful manner, and so clustered as to be nearly impervious to the light. Hence a gloom is

thrown around, which contrasts exquisitely with the silvery spray that dashes about in incessant variety. The waters soon become tranquil, and flow at your feet a perfect mirror; the minutest object may be seen in it, especially the trout, which abound there: they are frequently observed endeavouring to regain the height from which they have been dashed down; and to this end they form themselves into a circle, with their tails in their mouths, and thus dart up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. Tradition reports, that the village was formerly much larger, but that nearly the whole of it was once swept away by the first bursting out of the torrent.

'Proceeding onwards, all cultivation, even in patches, ceases; and again ascending, we came to a defile of the most appalling appearance, exhibiting an immense mass of rock, which has fallen from the overhanging mountain: it is called Chaos, or Peyreda, by the country people; and, indeed, we might say, "Chaos is come again!" Most of the blocks are larger than the loftiest houses. The greatest care is necessary in traversing this ruin of nature: nothing can be more horrible to behold. Some of the blocks have been found to contain one hundred thousand cubic feet: the largest appear like so many edifices torn up from their foundations, being generally of a square form.

'We wound our way through these scenes for half an hour, like mere pigmies bewildered and lost in astonishment, passing a neglected lead and silver mine, once worked by the English: near the place are the ruins of the foundery. Just as we cleared all this, the mountain breaks open on the right, and we caught sight of one of the highest glaciers, the Vignemale, whose dazzling whiteness beautifully contrasted with the black scenery around us: we continued ascending till we reached Gavarnie, having passed a large defile, called the Valley d'Ossone. A torrent descends from it, making eight or ten cascades, all varied in character, springing out of the finest verdure and majestic rocks, with an effect more beautiful than can be imagined: nothing we had yet seen was comparable to it.'

Grand and beautiful as this scene must have appeared, it seems to have been surpassed in sublimity by the Circle of Gavarnie:—

'The whole scene presents the interior of a vast amphitheatre, of a construction so regular as to seem the work of human hands, and which, in the language of the guide, would appear to be the last barrier of the world. The most striking object is a prodigious cascade, on the extreme left, falling in one unbroken line one thousand two hundred and sixty-six feet. Before it reaches the bottom, it dashes against a huge mass of rock, and then forms the principal source of the Gave de Pau. In the centre of the view are seven other cascades, varying from three to five hundred feet in perpendicular height.

'The majestic scene is formed of glaciers, snow, and alabaster rocks; the summits of the amphitheatre are crowned with perpetual

snows, and carried along in terraces, the faces of which are primitive alabaster rocks. On the very highest range, two enormous masses, of a square form,

"High o'er the rest display superior state,
In proud pre-eminence sublimely great,"

and are called the Towers of Marboré; and in viewing them, you are ready to take them for an aerial fortress. Not a sign of verdure is seen, except a few black pines at our feet. It must not, however, be imagined to be a cold snow scene, quite the reverse; everything partakes of a yellow tinge, and the *tout-ensemble*, having somewhat of an artificial appearance, strongly resembles the drop-scene of a play-house. At the left corner, a huge rock, at least two thousand feet in height, juts out, and then comes the wonderful cascade, falling as from the heavens, like a mighty riband, joining earth and sky: the centre portion resembles an immense wall, rising in terraces, broken on the right by a wide opening, called the Brèche de Roland, from some fabulous tale of the time of Charlemagne. The view is then closed in by masses of pale yellow mountains, advancing nearer to the spectator, their edges overlooking the torrent of foaming waters which flow from the foot of the cascades. The area of the amphitheatre is not less than two miles; but the deception of vision is so great, that a thousand yards would be supposed its utmost extent.

'We hurried on to contemplate the scene in detail: every object of which it is composed is of a proportion far beyond all ordinary conception. We presently reached a vast oval of incrustated snow, which contrasts beautifully with the surrounding walls of primitive rocks. The apparent regularity of decoration is most striking. We beheld the foaming water of the larger cascade precipitate itself into a vast hole under the snow: the thundering noise of its descent is tremendous. We found it impossible to approach the abyss too closely, as the atmosphere of spray which surrounds it soon wets the spectator to the skin, and we were obliged to retire.

'The sight is confounded in considering the immense elevation of the Towers of Marboré, which form the crown to the entire scene, and seem to pierce the clouds. You are scarcely conscious that you exist, and experience a kind of ecstasy, or interior exaltation, which seems the effect of magic. The *Tours de Marboré* are seen from Toulouse on the side of France, and from Saragossa on that of Spain.'

In the wilder parts of the Pyrenees are a class of people, called the Cagots, of whom Mr. Hardy gives the following interesting account:—

'In my two months' sojourn amidst these mountains, I sometimes came in contact with this singular race of human beings, and who are, I believe, peculiar to this part of France. No language can describe the utter wretchedness of their appearance: shunned by every one, they crawl upon the face of the earth in the most abject state of want and misery, such as can only be known but in being witnessed. Their complexions are cadaverous in the extreme; many of them af-

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flucted with the *goitre*, of dwarfish stature, and for clothing, a sort of sackcloth is all that distinguishes them from "the beasts that perish."

'The origin of these poor creatures is lost in the distance of time. Mons. Palassou, who has written a memoir on the subject, is of opinion, that they take their rise from the last of the Saracens, who were defeated by Charles Martel, in the neighbourhood of Tours, and subsequently driven into these mountains, and afterwards became objects of hatred and contempt.

'The habitations of these outcasts are apart from all the towns and villages, amid dreary valleys and unwholesome swamps. Among other persecutions, they were formerly obliged to bear a badge, indicative of their degraded class. These cruel distinctions pursued them even to the churches, which they entered by a separate door; and the holy waters appropriated to their use would have been thought, by their more favoured fellow-beings, rather those of contamination than of blessedness.

'I was confined to a village by incessant rain one whole day, in the neighbourhood of some of these people, and never can I forget the two or three objects which presented themselves, more particularly one, a female: the face was horribly disfigured with the small-pox; the *goitre* had extended itself so completely round the throat, that no protrusion of the lower jaw could be perceived: a filthy blanket was thrown over her shoulders, extending to the feet, and held round her person with folded arms: her *tout-ensemble* was loathsome in the extreme; and although young, the expression of the eye indicated that disease and misery were struggling within. A trifle bestowed upon her seemed for a moment to dispel the habitual gloom of her wretched countenance, which conscious degradation had so deeply engraved upon it. In nearly one attitude she remained opposite to the *auberge* full three hours, attracted thither, no doubt, by the hope of charity and the gratification of vacant curiosity, which the arrival of any stranger would most probably afford. In speaking of her to the mistress of the house, her answer convinced me, that she hardly thought the poor creature worthy of notice as a human being. The government of France ought to seek the improvement of these miserable people; but I am aware that they have difficulties almost insurmountable in the prejudices and long-cherished abhorrence of association which the mountaineers entertain towards them.'

Fearing we may encroach too much on the letter-press of this beautiful volume, we shall make but one extract more; it relates to Bagnères, where there are very celebrated battles, and an anecdote connected with it:—

'A circumstance occurred while I was in the neighbourhood of Bagnères, which made the residence of the English there very disagreeable. An Englishman had taken a book from the public library—the "*Histoire des Conquêtes de l'Armée Française*," and finding in it an erroneous account of the battle of Toulouse, had indulged himself in writing marginal notes of a very abusive tendency.

The next reader of the book was a young Frenchman, of duelling notoriety; and learning from the librarian who the writer of these notes was, immediately called him out.—They met, armed with pistols, in the presence of fifty persons; both fired at the same instant, when the Frenchman was mortally wounded. The exasperation of the bystanders was extreme: the survivor with difficulty escaped with his life, and the *maire* was obliged to take him under his special protection till he could privately withdraw from that part of the country. For some weeks the irritation of the lower classes manifested itself in so marked a manner, that most of the English also retired for the remainder of the season.

'At Bagnères, the circle of the principal bathing establishments is completed, and towards the month of September the visitants depart, almost satiated with the wild majesty of Nature to which they have been so long accustomed, and many sighing again for the plains and their corresponding monotony.

'The majesty of rocks, the torrent's roar, A moment please or agitate."

'In quitting Bagnères, we emerge altogether from the mountains; and at this time, August, the leaves were beginning to fall, and the surfaces of the elevated lakes were frozen over: the region of perpetual snows is about eight thousand feet. The following are the heights of the most elevated peaks above the level of the sea:—

'Vignemale, S. S. E. of Caunterets	10,432 feet.
Marboré, Gavarnie - - - -	10,260
Mont Perdu, Spain - - - -	10,678
Pic du Midi de Bigorre - - - -	9,036
Pic de Bergons - - - -	6,504
Pic du Midi de Pau - - - -	8,442

As the Pyrenees is by no means the best known portion of the globe or of Europe, the public is much indebted to Mr. Hardy, for his very spirited sketches (coloured after nature) of its mountain scenery, the description of which is interspersed with so many interesting anecdotes and pictures of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. To travellers, and to lovers and collectors of works on the fine arts, this volume will at once recommend itself.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Additional Papers presented to Parliament, by his Majesty's Command, in Explanation of the Measures of his Majesty's Government, for the Melioration of the Condition of the Slave Population in his Majesty's Possessions in the West Indies, and on the Continent of South America. In continuation of the Papers presented this [last] Session. Folio. pp. 280. London, 1825.

(Concluded from p. 594.)

THE last of the parliamentary documents on which our observations relative to the slave trade are founded, consists of the correspondence between the British government and his majesty's colonies in the West Indies and on the continent of South America, on the melioration and condition of the slave population. This correspondence extends over between three and four hundred folio pages, and, like many other parliamentary documents, almost de-

feats its object by its voluminousness: this we suspect will be the case with the huge reports of the commissioners on the charity schools. No person will be at the labour of wading through the five or six thousand pages they contain, in order to deduce certain data, which, however true or curious, possess but little general interest.

The first part of this correspondence is between Earl Bathurst, colonial secretary of state, and the Duke of Manchester, principally on the subject of the revolt of the Negroes, in June, 1824. The poor creatures had been led to believe that their emancipation was decreed in parliament, but withheld by their masters; they therefore rose to demand their freedom, and were guilty of less excesses than white men generally are in cases of insurrection; however, a great number of them were taken and tried, and twelve executed in the parish of Hanover, by order of the magistrates, without reference to the governor-general, 'the case of rebellion or rebellious conspiracy being excepted from the late law, which enacts, that no sentence of death against slaves shall be carried into effect, unless by order of the governor.'

This, by the by, is a sweeping exception which ought at once to be abolished; the magistrates in a slave colony, whose interest is connected with the proprietary, ought not thus to hold the issues of life and death; it is, however, but justice to say, that Jamaica is one of the best of the West India islands, and that it has shown a greater disposition to meet the views of the British government, in ameliorating the condition of the Negroes, than any of the other colonies. In 1824 the House of Assembly passed two acts, which, as the governor well observes, are 'important in themselves, as affording protection and encouragement to the slaves, and more so, as indicating an intention of doing more hereafter.'

'The first act protects slaves from all mesne process on the day allotted to them for the cultivation of their provisions, or to carry them to market. It will enable them to employ the Saturday for this purpose, whilst before this act passed, slaves belonging to individuals against whom judgments were open, were obliged to go to market on Sunday, in order to avoid the danger of being taken by the deputy marshal on any other day. This exemption from mesne process will afford them now the opportunity to employ Sunday in a more suitable manner, and will materially contribute to the extinction of the Sunday market.

'The other act enables the owners of slaves to reward their services by manumission, notwithstanding entails and other settlements.'

We pass over the correspondence with the Bahamas, Barbadoes, Dominica, Grenada, and Antigua, as not presenting any distinct feature of interest. At St. Christopher's, however, we find the chief justice honestly acknowledging the evils of slavery, and labouring with all his might to lessen them by a new bill, which, in pursuance with the wishes of the British government, should consolidate all the slave laws of each colony.

In a report to the governor, Chief Justice Picwood says,—

‘Although our statute book is disgraced with, perhaps, fewer sanctions to atrocious and sanguinary conduct towards the slave population than are to be found among our neighbours, there is still much which proclaims the age when these our fellow creatures were considered of less importance than the soil which they cultivated, or the cattle which they drove. Fearful that anything of this nature should elude my research, and aware of the impossibility of reconciling the various incongruities of our slave code with the better feeling which now prevails towards them, and with the change in their condition which that feeling and their improved habits demand, I resolved at once upon the repeal of every existing law bearing upon the subject. This has enabled me to arrange and classify the several branches of the subject in somewhat of a natural and regular order, and to dispose of it under the three grand divisions:—1. of the rights and privileges; 2. the duties; and 3. the disabilities of this class of our population.

‘Although it be a point of sound rather than of substance, still I think that something may be gained by abolishing the odious terms “slave and slavery,” as applicable to these people and to their condition, under the improvements which, within my experience, have taken place in their moral state, and still more under those which are contemplated, these terms are not suitable to that condition. I propose, therefore, to designate them as vassals, inasmuch as vassalage more accurately describes the existing relations between the master and the feudal servant. I admit that this is but another term for slavery, but it is of milder signification; and as vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness, so shall we, by this change of term, strip the condition of these people of an opprobrium which is revolting to all who venerate, or would preserve the institutions to which the condition of these people is at once an exception and a reproach.

‘I do not entertain the opinion that ample justice is not generally done to these people, when they complain of injury or oppression, by the tribunals to which they appeal; still I think that the impartial investigation of their complaints should be placed out of the reach of doubt or suspicion, by the appointment of a public officer, as guardian and protector to them; and I have adapted the provisions of the Trinidad order in council for that purpose.’

After stating that he does not think the private chastisement of the whip, even to females, can safely be abolished, the chief justice proceeds:—

‘In regard to their evidence in courts of justice, I have extended the principle laid down in the order in council, for I have never seen the necessity for any restriction upon its admission under such precautions as the court would necessarily adopt in all cases of suspicious testimony, and of ignorant witnesses. The prevailing feelings of our juries against the credibility of Negro evidence in general will be an ample safeguard against

the bias which upon many subjects it may be supposed to have. And I have therefore, in the bill which I have framed, authorized its reception in all civil suits or actions in which the owner is concerned, or where any white person may be charged with any offence punishable with death; for the reception of such testimony can alone do away with the reproach which now attaches to us, namely, that not only cruelty, but that murder may be committed openly, and in the presence of hundreds, without the possibility of obtaining evidence for the conviction of the offender.

‘I have adopted the penal clauses on cruelty which the order in council contains. I have selected from our own laws, and from those of the neighbouring islands, all that appears to me to be of sound and practical utility, so as to secure to the slave a sufficiency of food, an allotment of land, clothing, time for meals and rest, support to the infirm, if the owner be unknown, a protection from mal-treatment by the owner, or otherwise, and from the use of chains and iron collars. I have also provided for medical attendance, the treatment of pregnant women, immunities to women with a certain number of children, born in wedlock, for attendance on public worship, for baptism, and with a view of removing every excuse for omitting to supply a due allowance of food and raiment. I have adopted these clauses from our Amelioration Act, which make these articles a lien upon the slaves themselves, under the limitations therein contained, prior to all other engagements or securities.’

The ‘Additional Papers,’ the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, contain a variety of documentary evidence on the proceedings in Trinidad and Demerara, arising out of a despatch from Earl Bathurst to the respective colonies, explaining and directing the amelioration of the slaves, and the abolition of the whip, so far as regarded females. There is also the half-yearly report of the Syndic Procurador, general protector and guardian of slaves in Trinidad, with an account of the criminal prosecutions instituted by the attorney-general against the slaves during that period. A return of the punishments inflicted on slaves follows; the offences are very multifarious—from insolence, indolence, absenting from church, to thefts, &c. and the punishments vary from confinement to thirty-one stripes, the largest number that appears to have been inflicted. Drunkenness appears a very common vice among the slaves, and maternal affection does not seem a Negro virtue, if we may judge from the number of women punished for neglect or cruelty to their children. The idea that they are only breeding and rearing children for perpetual slavery may chill their feelings and render the mothers indifferent, but no apology can be made for cruelty. These papers do not furnish any extracts sufficiently interesting for us to quote, and we shall, therefore, not dwell longer on the painful but interesting subject of the slave trade at present; although, until it is wholly abolished, we shall never cease to reprobate it.

The Broken Heart, with other Poems. By EDMUND I. READE, Esq. 12mo. pp. 248. London, 1825. Churchill.

THIS is a volume of very gentlemanly poetry, and if, in travelling through it, we here and there met with a rugged place, yet the journey was generally smooth and uniform; but to drop metaphor, we may observe, that Mr. Reade’s muse is more distinguished for sweetness than vigour, though frequently not deficient in the latter quality. The principal poem has several beautiful passages, and the sonnets are pretty; we, however, prefer the following:—

‘STANZAS.

- ‘O Avon’s banks are wild and fair*,
And Avon’s woods are green:
And you may wander musing there
The livelong day unseen;
- ‘For there shades many a leafy nook
To prying eyes unknown,
Where thou might’st make the song of brook
The cadence to thine own.
- ‘Scorn not such haunt—by brighter skies,
By wilder paths you well may roam;
But never scene again might rise
Of such a quiet home!
- ‘These green banks shelter from the wind,
The blue sky tints, the clouds there lay:
The trees their aged boughs declined,
Shed blessings on its peaceful way!
- ‘Sweet is thy stream, oh passing sweet!
Beneath the parted west;
When its pale star, and rose hues meet
Within thy hallowed breast;
- ‘The rudest sound thy vision breaking,
The bat’s low hum—or sunk from tree
The life-like leaf its passage taking
In silence to eternity.
- ‘Then wander there—and while the gleam
Fades wan beneath thine eye reposed,
Say, then, if ever loveliest dream
So calm, so still, so silent closed!
- ‘Strike the wild harp’s inspiring chords—
Was’t not along thy banks, proud river!
He walked, and breathed those burning words
That made thee blessed on earth for ever!
- ‘O thou eternal Shakspeare! thou
Didst watch ev’n thus those waters flowing,
And while they glassed thy awful brow,
What softened thoughts were in thee growing!
- ‘Softened—for such they needs must glide;
Then Ariel’s trembling essence grew,
Then in her grace and high-souled pride
Miranda adoration drew.
- ‘Or on such eve as this, above
Young Juliet poured her boundless heart:
Or mourned sweet Imogen the love
That slighted, could not yet depart!
- ‘And now beneath thy touch too strong,
That harp unstrung hangs mouldering there.
Gone is the monarch of the song,
And long hath damped those strings despair.
- ‘The Passions slept with him who called—
Save once when with a soul all flame
Pale Collins struck—but shrunk appalled
When they, embodied, heard and came!†
- ‘* The two opening lines of this piece are taken from that beautiful ballad beginning with
‘O Brigland banks are wild and fair,
And Greta’s woods are green, &c.’
- ‘† ROKEBY, Canto III.
- ‘† The real fervid intensity of Collins’s image

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'Sweet Avon! vainly may we stray
Forgetful here and doubly shame,
If such be—who have framed the lay,
And on thy banks could talk of fame!'

A vile punster at our elbow remarks, that Mr. R. will have one advantage over many authors, for whatever opinion may be formed of his merits, by all he will be *read* (Reade).

Public Education. Plans for the Government and Liberal Instruction of Boys in large Numbers.

(Concluded from p. 599.)

In our last we gave the author's outline of the system of education adopted at Hazelwood—a system which, identifying itself with the feelings and habits of our nature, renders the life of a schoolboy as happy in progress as it generally is in recollection. In the subsequent chapters, the plan is developed in all its details,—as to the government of the school, the regulations for keeping order, rewards and punishments, the modes of instruction, &c. To these are added, observations on the best method of acquiring languages, on elocution, penmanship, &c., and a comparison of public and private education—a subject on which Eustace Budgell wrote an excellent paper in the Spectator. It will naturally be inferred that our author is in favour of the public schools. The whole system appears admirably suited for the purpose of education, and, as Mr. Canning would say, the machine works well. Much is done at Hazelwood School with rewards and punishments, and the advantages are considerable. The rewards consist in the distribution of certain counters, in which the boys obtain by superiority in the classes, by filling certain offices, and by various kinds of voluntary labour, performed in the leisure hours: in the forfeiture of these counters, the punishments chiefly consist:—

'Every boy in the school devotes such part of his play-hours as he may think proper to the obtaining of these marks. The product of almost any kind of labour or study is received, provided it is presented in a complete state, and is tolerably well executed. As each boy, for this purpose, is at liberty to employ himself in the way he shall think proper, he of course engages in those pursuits which are most consonant with his taste. Some boys give much time to translation, and to the composition of original essays; others prefer drawing and planning; with some, etching on copper plates is the favourite amusement; models of machinery, of houses, of animals, &c., are frequently presented for rewards; and many boys devote their leisure time to reading, who, when they claim to be rewarded, undergo an examination as to their knowledge of the book they have chosen,

and to feel but once as Shakspeare, is overpowering—

"O thou, whose spirit most possest
The secret seat of Shakspeare's breast:
By all that from thy prophet broke
In thy divine emotions spoke,
Hither again thy fury deal—
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath, my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!"

'ODE TO FEAR.

that it may be ascertained how far they have read with attention.

'In conducting this examination, it will at once be seen, that ample opportunity is afforded for fixing, in the mind of the pupil, the facts of which he has been reading. If he shall present a book of voyages or travels, he can be required to point out on a map the places of which he has read; if a book on science, to exemplify, by experiment, such parts as are capable of illustration.

'The amount of reward is determined by estimating the time which any piece of work might reasonably be expected to employ the pupil, and then paying him according to a fixed rate per hour, decreasing within certain limits as the age of the pupil advances. If the boy is ten years of age, he has thirty marks per hour; if eleven, twenty-five; if twelve or upwards, twenty; no diminution takes place after twelve, for reasons which will be stated shortly. If the pupil is younger than ten years, he receives an additional ten marks per hour for every year which his age is less than ten. This rule is, however, often slightly relaxed, with a view to reward excellence, and to encourage those kinds of exertion which are thought to be the most useful. These rewards are distributed at a certain hour of each day.

'The nature and variety of occupations carried on for the purpose of obtaining these counters are very amusing. We have a little museum, and sometimes we are able to persuade the pupil to deposit there the productions of his ingenuity. This museum contains models of buildings and machinery of various descriptions, specimens of turning, philosophical apparatus, and a great variety of other articles, all produced by the boys. Many complete electrical machines have been constructed: and a boy of thirteen, succeeded so well in a copper-plate etching, which he had executed for these marks, as to obtain for it the silver medal which is annually offered by the London Society of Arts. A remarkable instance of anxiety to obtain marks was once given by a boy, who, for that purpose, in a very short time, translated into tolerably correct blank verse, the whole four books of the Georgics, without any assistance.

'Considerable ingenuity is frequently evinced by very little boys.—A day-boy, only eight years of age, was confined by his father during great part of a day to his chamber. The boy was furnished with books, paper, and pencils, but was under no obligation to work. The next day, however, he brought to school work sufficient to entitle him to receive marks for five or six hours' labour. It consisted principally of an original view, which he had taken from his prison window. It was exceedingly well executed: the foreground of the picture, to speak technically, consisted of the interior of the window, with the bars of the sashes, the drapery, and other appurtenances, all correctly marked. Beyond were exhibited the distant houses, trees, and hills, all in good perspective. The father was so delighted with his son's performance, that he fully forgave him his previous misconduct.

'Our counters are of various denominations, the size of each being in some measure proportionate to its value. The smallest is the *prime*, worth, as its name implies, one mark; there is the *decad*, worth ten; the *cent*, one hundred; and the *chiliad*, one thousand; the decimal progression being preserved throughout. To increase the facility of exchange, we have also some coins of intermediate value, namely, the *triad* (valued at three); the *pentad* (five); the *semi-cent* (fifty); and the *quingent* (five hundred).

'The collateral advantages derived from this arrangement are considerable. The pupils become practically acquainted with the excellences of the decimal system: and in calculating the total value of a variety of coins for the purposes of receipt, payment, and exchange, they have almost constant practice in mental arithmetic. We have frequently been struck in noticing the ease with which even the youngest boys perform these operations. In explaining the decimal notation to our younger pupils, and decimal fractions to those more advanced, we find our coins of the greatest use. The quingent and chiliad are large medals, the first of brass and the other of copper, each bearing on the obverse an elevation of Hazelwood House. The possession of one or both of these medals, to which certain slight privileges are attached, is an object of ambition within the reach of every boy in the school. We have also silver medals bearing the same impression. These can only be obtained by the performance of exercises of a superior kind; the required amount being the produce of one hundred hours' employment. On the reverse of each silver medal the owner's name is engraved, and it can neither be transferred nor exchanged for marks. The acquisition even of a silver medal is a matter of frequent occurrence.

There is, perhaps, something rather farcical in the dignities and proceedings of the scholars, and in their mimic trials and debates, but it has one advantage—that of initiating youth into forms of proceedings bearing a strong resemblance to those in which they must mingle in after-life. In the education of youth at Hazelwood, gymnastics is not neglected:—

'One hour in each day is devoted to the performance of regular gymnastic exercises. The exercises taught are various; namely, running, leaping with and without the pole, vaulting, wrestling, balancing the body while walking along horizontal poles, performing a variety of feats upon the rack (a round horizontal bar, about six feet from the ground), throwing a blunt kind of spear at a target, and in the summer time swimming, for which we have a private bath in a retired spot, at a short distance from the play-ground.

'For these purposes we have an extensive apparatus, which has been furnished partly from the school fund, and partly from a fund raised among the boys by voluntary contributions; the few who are non-subscribers not being allowed to use the apparatus belonging to the society. The subscription is twopence per month only, with a donation of one shilling at admission. This fund is

placed at the disposal of a committee elected every two months, at a general meeting of the subscribers; at which meeting the old committee presents a report of its proceedings. Although the subscription is so small, it has enabled the boys to furnish themselves with an abundance of playthings, besides assisting in the purchase of the apparatus already described.

A few of the above mentioned gymnastic exercises, which are attended with some little danger, as throwing the spear and swimming, are only permitted at the hour for gymnastics, when each class has its teacher; but most of the exercises are practised by some or other of the boys at almost every hour of the day; they also employ much of their leisure time in athletic games.

Five small prizes are awarded by the committee at the end of each session, to those boys who have excelled most in certain gymnastic exercises, which are proposed weekly; the competition being altogether voluntary. In order to give the younger boys a chance of obtaining a prize, the competitors are divided into two classes, according to their age. Three prizes are awarded to the best of the senior class, and two to those of the junior division. A member of the latter class is not excluded, however, from competition with the former.

We have derived many advantages from these gymnastic exercises. In strengthening and forming the body, their use is universally allowed; and there cannot be a doubt that they produce an effect almost as advantageous on the mind.

The entire system, as we have said, appears to us excellent; and, without going into the whole of the plan, many useful parts of it might be adopted, both by public and private teachers; and to those, as well as to parents in general, we recommend the work.

D. Junii Juvenalis Satiræ: with the Original Text reduced to the Natural Order of Construction; an English Translation, Literal and Interlineal; and an Index, Historical, Geographical, and Poetical. By JOHN STIRLING, D. D. A New Edition, revised, corrected, and improved. By P. A. NUTTALL, LL. D. 8vo. pp. 404. London, 1825. Ward.

DR. STIRLING'S Juvenal has ever been considered a sterling work; if this may be considered a pun, it has truth for its foundation, which is not the case with every pun. This work had become scarce, and although a mere reprint would have been acceptable to the public, yet the editor of the new edition, by his emendations, has given the book new claims to general approbation. He has compared the various readings of the several editions of Juvenal published, settled the punctuation which hitherto was unsettled, and made the translation as interlineal as it is, perhaps, possible to be rendered, correcting at the same time the phraseology where Dr. Stirling's translation was harsh or obscure. Of Juvenal himself it is unnecessary for us to speak; indeed, we might as well dwell on the genius of Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakspeare, or Byron. Juvenal was an ho-

nest and fearless satirist, and his poems, with little paraphrase, will apply as well to the individuals of the present age as to his contemporaries. Human nature, indeed, does not vary much, and it is the study of it in a general sense, and not in its peculiarities, that render Juvenal and Shakspeare as much the moralists and satirists of the present day as of the age in which they wrote. Of the merits of this edition of Juvenal it is difficult to speak too highly, and we recommend it to all proficient as well as students in the Latin language, since to the one it must prove a pleasing reminiscence, to the other an useful auxiliary.

An Essay, addressed to Captains of the Royal Navy, and those of the Merchants' Service, on the Means of preserving the Health of their Crews; with Directions for the Prevention of Dry Rot in Ships. By ROBERT FINLAYSON, M. D. 8vo. pp. 85. London, 1825. S. and G. Underwood.

THERE is a vast portion of good sense, and some share of affectation, in this work: the points, however, on which it treats, are so important in a maritime country, that we may readily forgive any peculiarity of manner, when the matter is really good. The work embraces many subjects connected with the well being of the navy, which of late years has been much promoted by the exertions of gentlemen like our author. Dr. Finlayson commences by a view of the improvements in medical science, which are certainly very considerable:—

‘During the first American war, and down to the beginning of the late French war, sea-scurvy made such dreadful ravages in our fleets, as frequently to enervate the arm of power; and it was not uncommon in those days, to find three hundred men at once on the sick-list of a line-of-battle ship; and as many as two hundred and fifty men have actually died in the short space of one year by this prevailing malady.

‘Hence it was justly observed, by some of the most experienced officers, “that the blockading system of warfare, which annihilated the naval power of France, could never have been carried on, unless sea-scurvy had been subdued; and more than one hundred thousand British seamen have thus been saved to the country, by as many thousand pounds.”

Now sea-scurvy is scarcely ever known on board ship. After noticing some changes in medical science, our author comes to a principal feature in his essay, on the baneful influence the frequent washing of decks has on the health of British seamen. He contends that it occasions inflammatory diseases, and many other complaints, and is generally very injurious to the seamen. As a case in point, our author says,—

‘For instance, I was once in a line-of-battle ship, where the surgeon recommended dry holy stoning the lower deck, in place of washing it. The captain preferred the latter method, and firmly persevered in it. The consequences were, that the lancet was kept going by the surgeon, to retard the ravages of inflammatory disease, occasioned by continual humidity; and the water buckets were

daily kept plying on the lower deck, by the captain's orders, on the alleged principle of allaying the dust and sweetening the ship.

‘In the following year, the same ship was commanded by another captain, attached to the same station, and performing exactly the same kind of service. This officer happened to be one of the few who recommended keeping the lower deck perfectly dry: and such were the happy consequences of this change, that not a single case of acute disease appeared for several months, and the medium number on the sick-list did not amount to one third of that of the preceding year.’

There are many many other subjects connected with the navy on which Dr. F. appears to us to offer good advice; he suggests, as an improvement on grog, that a pound of sugar be added to sixteen men's allowance. It appears that not only the health, but the discipline of our seamen is improved. Dr. F. says,—

‘It ought to be highly gratifying to every British subject, to learn how very sparingly the rod of correction is now used in the naval service, without any falling off in point of discipline or morality on the part of the seamen.

‘During my late triennial period of servitude in his majesty's ship Phaeton, punishment has been exceedingly rare, but well directed, yet I never served in a ship with so few drunkards.’

Some sensible observations on the causes and cure of the dry rot, with an improved plan for ventilating ships, close this brief but comprehensive and useful essay.

The Complete Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation. Two Parts: the first by IZAAC WALTON; the second by CHAS. COTTON. London, 1825. Pickering.

MR. PICKERING seems determined to show the wonders of the little world in typography, which would have seemed more extraordinary to the ancients than any they could boast, as related by Wanley. We really know not the exact size of this little bijou, it is so small; it may be put with ease into the waistcoat pocket, or into a snuff-box, and is so portable that no angler need go without it on account of its bulk; yet, diminutive as it is, it contains the whole of Walton and Cotton's work, printed with a small but a beautiful and legible type, and embellished with an original engraving, from a design by Stothard, wood cuts, &c.

The Linguist; or, Weekly Instructions in the French and German Languages. Nos. I. to XX. 8vo. London, 1825.

THE return of peace, and the rapidity of communication with the Continent, by means of a steam-vessel, which will waft us to the French coast in three hours, and to the gate of Germany in a day, render an acquaintance with the French and German languages much more necessary than formerly. The object of the Linguist is avowedly to direct the study and to facilitate the knowledge of those two languages, by persons who never studied them before, as well as to refresh the memory of the initiated, and to enable those who have already begun the study of one or both of these languages to improve themselves. The

editor does not undervalue the labours of tutors, but he justly observes, that London offers abundant opportunities to students for improving their acquaintance with languages without the assistance of a master—such as the French and German Protestant churches, and the number of merchants, artists, &c. who speak these languages. The Linguist appears to us to be a really useful work, and well calculated to effect the object it has in view.

THE MIGHTY REVIEWERS.

(From the Dorset County Chronicle, Sep. 15th.)

'We have lately read—happy to find that there are others who are quite as much awake to these honourable proceedings as ourselves—the following exposé in Blackwood's Magazine, of some of the mysteries of the present reviewing system:—"How long will the public suffer the existence of this odious, this pestiferous humbug, which all these reviews play off, to the excitement of so much nausea in all who really have eyes to see, and ears to hear? How long is it to be a matter of dead certainty, that the quarterly will puff off as first-rate characters all Mr. Murray's authors, the Edinburgh all Mr. Constable's, the New Monthly all Mr. Colburn's, and so on? Are people determined to be blind? I confess I, for one, rejoice in the extent to which this affair is carried at the present time, for this one sufficient reason, that I think the veil is now so very egregiously, and staringly and strikingly transparent, that nobody can much longer refuse to see through it. The Quarterly Review says, that Basil Hall's book on Loochoo is a grand affair! The Edinburgh sneers at it. Why so? Mr. Murray published the Loochoo, Mr. Constable the South America. There is the whole mystery. The Edinburgh Review scoffs at the edition of Lady Suffolk's Letters, as a work full of stupidity and ignorance; the Quarterly holds it up as the very model and beau ideal of editions. Why so? Craker edited, and Murray published, and this being the case, I could have told, six months ago, just as well as I can now, that its fall was to be lauded in the dun-coloured, and derided and vilipended in the blue and yellow. This is really becoming a fine concern. In the next number of the Quarterly there will be, inter alia, a fine puff of Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller, because Mr. Irving's publisher is Mr. Murray, and there will also be a puff of it in the Edinburgh; first, because Mr. Irving is an American, and secondly, because his book is not of the kind to interfere at all with any of Mr. Constable's own publications. But I am really sick of exposing all this nonsensical stuff!!'

'Bravo, Christopher North! With the worthy editors of this magazine, and of the Plymouth, the Devonport, and the Southampton papers, we most cordially agree, and we feel assured that Mitchell, the powerful editor of the Newcastle Magazine, will join with us, to loudly call upon all provincial editors nobly to come forward in the aid of oppressed merit and disregarded talent, and to cry down this nefarious traffic of a few imperious booksellers, who drink their wine, like Lord Byron, out of other men's skulls, and who, to serve their own avaricious pur-

poses, cast the dark veil of neglect over the most gifted sons of talent and genius, whom fortune has not brought within the sunshine of their smiles; utterly regardless of the sufferings they may endure in the heart-sickening depths of obscurity. We call on the public to judge for itself, and open its eyes to discern good from evil—malignant interest, from impartial candour—nor be any longer hoodwinked by the humbug of trade, and the rancorous spirit of party.

'We call on all men of honour, principle, feeling, and talent, to hunt down those concealed murderers of literary reputation, those needy hirelings of the garret and the cellar, who are in the constant pay of the publishers of certain reviews, and who at the command of their interested employers would condemn the best written work as unworthy of perusal, and laud the vilest trash to the skies. And is this to be borne any longer with patience? Are we to be insulted, year after year, without endeavouring to expose to the world these base impositions, these disgusting practices, which tend so much to injure the best interests of literature? We ourselves have heard several most respectable booksellers in London declare, that they could get no book noticed in the Quarterly or the Edinburgh; "we must have an opposition review of our own," said they, "for such is the present state of the reviewing system, that no one can now sell a work, unless he has a review at his service, or wholly his own." And what is the consequence of this system of things? Why, that a vindictive retaliating plan of mutual exclusion and cutting up is the order of the day; which is the cause that many valuable works remain on the shelves of their publishers, while the public at large are either deprived of the knowledge of these works, or only hear of them through the base medium of the grossest misrepresentation; and authors, whatever may be the merit of their productions, who cannot afford to give splendid dinners to the editors of reviews, treat with French wines, and put a twenty pound note in their pockets to secure their interest, are wantonly sacrificed, after all their midnight toil, anxiety, and hopes, at the shrine of unfeeling Mammon, and the private revenge of trade! Not a single unbiassed, impartial review can we point out, which issues from the London press, except *The Literary Chronicle*, which is at present ably conducted, and over which, it is our firm belief the booksellers have not the least control.

'Were we disposed to indulge in retrospective reviews of reviews, we mean the leading ones of the day, we could point out numerous articles written by these self-created judges of literary talent, wherein they bring forward to their readers some of the finest and brightest passages of a work which their employers have published, and pretend to mingle censure with their praises of such passages, carefully keeping out of sight all the absurdities, the lame, 'stale, flat, and unprofitable,' portions of the work, like a thorough-bred jockey, who keeps dwelling with the nicest scrutiny on the really fine points of a blood-horse, but is extremely careful to leave all his blemishes and defects to be found out by the purchaser.'

RULES FOR DISCOVERING WHO WAS JUNIUS. We have already noticed the very able critical inquiry regarding the real author of the Letters of Junius, by Mr. Coventry, in which he goes far, very far, to prove that they were written by Lord George Sackville. As, however, the question can scarcely be said to be set at rest, we quote from Mr. Coventry's ingenious work, certain rules by which the real author may be discovered. From a perusal of the Letters of Junius, Mr. Coventry deduces this opinion:—

'That no one has any claim to the authorship of the Letters of Junius, of whom the following testimonials cannot be produced:—

- '1. That he was an Englishman.
- '2. That he was a man of rank and of independent fortune.
- '3. That he was a man of highly cultivated talents and of superior education; that he had successfully studied the language, the law, the constitution, and the history of his native country; but that he was neither a lawyer nor a clergyman.
- '4. That he either was, at the time of writing the Letters, or had previously been in the army, is evident, from his practical knowledge of military affairs.
- '5. That he moved in the immediate circle of the court.
- '6. That he was a member of the established church.
- '7. That he was a member of the House of Commons.
- '8. That from the early information Junius obtained on government affairs, it is evident he was connected with some persons in administration.
- '9. That he was a firm friend to Sir Jeffery [afterwards lord] Amherst.
- '10. That he was a friend to Colonel Cunningham.
- '11. That he was an admirer of Mr. Grenville.
- '12. That he was a strong advocate for the Stamp Act in America.
- '13. That he was in favour of repealing the duty on tea in America.
- '14. That he was an advocate for triennial parliaments.
- '15. That he considered the impeachment of Lord Mansfield as indispensable.
- '16. That from the manner in which he upholds rotten boroughs, it is highly probable they either constituted part of his property, or that he was in some way connected with them.
- '17. That he considered a strict regard should be paid to the public expenditure, that the national debt might not be increased.
- '18. That he was against disbanding the army, although a firm friend to the marching regiments; he was also in favour of impressing seamen.
- '19. That he must have had an antipathy to Sir Fletcher Norton, the speaker of the House of Commons, from the contempt with which he speaks of him.
- '20. That he was necessarily a friend to his printer, Mr. Woodfall.
- '21. That he must have resided almost wholly in London, from his correspondence

with Mr. Woodfall, to whom he gives notice when he occasionally goes into the country. One of his letters being dated Pall Mall, we may fairly presume his town house was in that street.

'22. That from his remembrance of the Walpolean battles, his seeing the Jesuitical books burnt in Paris, and his avowal of a long experience of the world, as well as from other circumstances mentioned in his correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, he could not be less than fifty years of age at the time of writing these Letters.

'23. That from the hints given to his printer, Mr. Woodfall, we may infer arrangements had been made for his coming into office; which, though not accepted by him at the time, were sufficiently important to induce him to write no more.

'24. Finally, that so powerful an attack on the *private character* of persons of such high rank being inconsistent with the pen of political writers in general, who condemn measures, and not character, we may reasonably conclude, that they proceeded from the pen of one who had received a severe wound from some of those individuals who formed part of the existing administration.

'From these articles we may, at one view, collect the leading principles of Junius, which Horne Tooke candidly informed him would suit no form of government; indeed many of them appear highly inconsistent with so popular a writer;—nevertheless, all which testimonials, I have proved, are united in the person of Lord Viscount Sackville, with many other documents connected with the life of that extraordinary man, as explanatory of the *causes* which occupied his pen for upwards of four years in one continued strain of personal satire and invective against the parties who censured his conduct at Minden, in Germany, and who were accessory to his second dismissal, in 1766.'

ORIGINAL.

OBSERVATIONS ON FAIRS:—IMMORALITY IN LOW LIFE, AND IMMORALITY IN HIGH LIFE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—That there is an excessive deal of cant in the world will hardly be disputed, for we are daily put in mind that this is the age of cant, and England, I presume, is *par excellence*, the soil where it most flourishes. But while I admit this, I will also venture to affirm that the canting is not all on one side. There is the cant of reformers, and the cant of anti-reformers; the cant of puritanism, and the cant of infidelity; the cant of hypocrisy, and the cant of licentiousness. One set of persons cant against the stage, while another cant as loudly in its favour; and both with the same blind and indiscriminating zeal. I am led to make these remarks by a paper in your last number, entitled 'Bartholomew Fair Defended:' now so far as fairs afford an innocent 'relaxation to the industrious classes of society,' I would certainly not object to them; but I greatly question whether the good which they thus produce is not very seriously counterbalanced by the low profligacy and dissipation to which they give rise; and, therefore, even

at the risk of being charged with 'tyrannical hypocrisy,' I must protest against them. It is but right that those who labour should have intervals of enjoyment, yet I am of opinion that a friend to the lower orders would plead more rationally in their behalf, if, instead of advocating for the retaining a custom that abandons them for a brief space to riot, he wished to see the periods of their relaxation more uniform and more moderate. Whereas, now one who pretends to be their advocate, perhaps, says, let them work like slaves all the rest of the year, but still let the poor wretches have their annual saturnalia. With regard to the petty depredations and pilfering at fairs, they are not of any importance, for in the first place I should imagine that a pickpocket meets with but a very poor harvest in such places, and in the next I should hardly pity any one who ventures into a crowd of this nature, without taking the precaution to leave his purse, if he has one, at home. Neither am I such a sour puritan as to suppose that there is anything particularly sinful in enjoying, if such be a person's taste, the wonderful facetiousness of a clown at a booth. But, nevertheless, I consider fairs mischievous, and often very injurious to those very classes for whose sake some persons so injudiciously exclaim against their suppression; for do they not too frequently induce the mechanic to squander away thoughtlessly, in a few hours, the savings of weeks? or even, sometimes, it is to be feared, to pawn his things in order to be enabled to partake of the revelry. But I should more particularly deprecate fairs as ruinous to young females of the lower classes, who are there initiated into vicious courses. And when I say this, I think no one who has had any opportunities of observing, or who knows what generally passes at these places, but will acknowledge that they are certainly a great source of female prostitution. And surely the good or ill effects of fairs are not to be estimated by the actual order or disorder that may accompany them; not by the returns of police reports and constables, or the amount of 'crime,' but by the consequences to those who frequent them. And if habits of sobriety and prudence, so important to the working classes, are there broken in upon, and those of intemperance and dissipation contracted, much harm may be done although not a single 'crime' be committed, nor one pocket picked. He must be a sorry moralist who could throw into the same scale the stealing of a handkerchief and the ruin of a female. If, however, it can be triumphantly proved that the species of dissipation, to which I here allude, be not at all encouraged by fairs, I must even be content to pass for a blockhead in attacking such a chimera. I am not so stupid as to imagine that they are the sole cause of this evil, or that if there were no fairs, it would not exist, but they certainly do tend to increase it. Yet, it may be triumphantly retorted,—and I remember to have seen this argument lately made use of in some of the newspapers, speaking of the very fair in question,—it is ridiculous to talk of the vice and debauchery prevalent at fairs, when in Fleet Street or the saloons of the

theatres there is full as much, or more, going on every night. I presume, however, that the gentlemen who reason thus would not be very pleased with a physician, who on their applying to him in a case of fever, should say, why should you wish to be cured, since you have not got the plague. If our theatres have become haunts of profligacy, that is hardly a reason why we should wish that profligacy to be more general. 'There is a terrible fire at the west end of the town!' Common sense would then say, 'Put it out, if you can.' 'No,' cry these sapient reasoners, 'not so; rather let us have a conflagration at the east end, and so be even with them.' It is their wisdom to plead one abuse as a precedent and authority for another. They cry out that the upper classes of society are exceedingly immoral; that there is a great deal of vice in high life. So much the worse; yet I do not see how the matter is to be mended by spreading the moral contagion through all ranks; let us rather endeavour to keep sound as many limbs of the social body as possible. 'But,' says your staunch anti-reformist, who seems to regard every attempt to check immorality among the labouring classes, as an encroachment on their rights and liberties, 'wherefore do not those who affect to have the cause of morality so much at heart, attempt to restrain the vices of poor only, and not of the rich and powerful?' The answer is, I think, obvious enough: because they cannot work miracles. It may, too, be doubted, after all, whether the vices of the great are so dangerous to society as those of the more extensive class: their grossness is, to a considerable degree, alleviated by some outward regard for decorum; and, however contagious they may be within their immediate sphere, that sphere is a comparatively narrow one. Thus, whatever may be the scenes of fraud, depravity, and iniquity, transacted in some of the higher gaming establishments in the metropolis; they can have but very little influence on the morals of the country at large. I am not extenuating the criminality of immorality in the higher orders: nor do I pretend to say it is not an evil. Still I do not see how one can very well carry a ditchess before Sir Richard Birnie, for giving a Sunday concert, or read the riot act before the mansion of a lady who holds a fashionable rout. Let those who feel so indignant at, perhaps envious of, the immoralities of their superiors, make the experiment. By an arrangement of this kind, each extreme of society, the highest, as well of the lowest, might be gradually reclaimed.

But, let it be observed, too, that although the moral turpitude of profligacy may be even greater in the former of these classes than in the latter, the consequences are not so severely felt. In high life, if a man be dissipated and extravagant, he may perhaps be obliged to pawn his wife's jewels; but, in low life, if he be a drunkard and spendthrift, he reduces his wife and children to rags and starvation. If in high life married people are unfaithful to each other, they may yet live like very well bred persons, without

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either calling each other names, breaking each other's hearts, or tearing out each other's eyes; but in low life family jars contain no sweetmeats: on the contrary, they are filled with mere wormwood and gall. The establishment of an English mechanic does not admit of separate beds, or any other alleviation of a domestic feud. It should follow, therefore, that the poor cannot so well afford to indulge in vice and disorder as the rich; and they make but a bad bargain, if they must pay the heavier penalty with the less enjoyment. If a woman of *haut ton* intrigues, she may probably lose her character, or what is pretty much the same, may gain an awkward celebrity: but, if a female in a humbler sphere loses her chastity, she is generally reduced to an abject state of prostitution, to a life of infamy, to indigence and misery, or a premature death; and that many an unfortunate girl has owed her ruin to fairs cannot, I think, be doubted. They may, in fact, be considered as the nurseries of prostitution; instead, therefore, of alleging that fairs ought to be tolerated, because not more corrupt than theatres, it were surely wiser to say that they ought to be discouraged as much as possible, being one source whence that corruption emanates and spreads.

But they are, forsooth, a good old custom; I, however, think that, like many other notable old customs and usages, they would, as Hamlet says, 'be more honoured in the breach than in the observance.' And I could not but smile at one singularly unfortunate defence which the writer of the article I am immediately upon has set up; namely, that we are informed by Pepys, in his *Memoirs*, that it was formerly the fashion for people of rank to mix in the amusements of the humbler classes of society*. Surely no one would seriously think of quoting the scandalously profligate age of Charles II. as a precedent for the present one. At this rate, we shall never want an example and an excuse for any folly or any crime. I presume, however, that he does not mean to hold up every example of that period as one deserving to be imitated. Only let him think of Lady Bennet, and her certainly not pious orgies! No; there were a vast many things tolerated formerly, which I hope we shall never be so graceless as to endure again; and whatever may be said of hypocrisy, it does not deserve all the odium it incurs. A little of it is very harmless, for it may be compared to those drugs which, administered in small quantities, are salutary, although, in large doses, they would prove fatal. Apologizing for the length to which I have imperceptibly extended my remarks, I remain, your humble servant, CENSOR.

* Men of rank and fortune, sometimes—and very little to their own credit or the advantage of their inferiors—do so now; they will condescend to associate with bruisers, prize-fighters, cock-fighters, jockeys, and stage-coachmen. Such condescension is hardly a virtue, nor can it be thought that either their morals or their taste—let them be what they may—would be improved by partaking, as it seems to be insinuated that they ought to do, of the humours of Bartholomew Fair.

Letter from Jonathan Oldworth, Esq.

DEPARTED SKELETONS—DEPARTING MERRIMENT—FOLLY OF WISDOM—WISDOM OF FOLLY, &c.

MR. EDITOR,—Let us congratulate ourselves that the reign of bad taste and bare bones is gone past; the pitiable being who has (very innocently on his part) made our women disgusting and our men shame-faced, is gone home again, I trust, and may henceforward be deemed contraband goods, and concealed even from the eyes of a custom-house officer, or those of Paul Pry himself, who, by the by, is a very amusing fellow—a modern Marplot, almost as good as if he were original. You are perfectly right, my good sir, in all you say about the fairs, since with all our improvements we have not yet vaccinated for education, nor found a rail-road for knowledge, although it is certain there is no saying how soon we may have, but till that is the case multitudes must live in the habit of earning their daily bread, by means which prevent them from either reading books or attending lectures; but why their minds should not be excited to hope, and their labours rewarded by leisure and pleasure, at due intervals, no man of common sense can possibly imagine. If the vulgar are too refined for vulgar amusement, they will, by the same rule, be too wise for vulgar occupation, and the great machinery of well organized society must stand still, because the lower cogs and springs are too delicate for use, like the present race of servant-maids and footmen. Surely every man who smarts under this domestic inconvenience, and what man does not! will see the folly of this new fangled doctrine, and the necessity of preserving in their own places, and supplying with their own pleasures, a class of the community who can neither leave the first, nor renounce the last, without a loss that can never be supplied to them. If a person has either become too wise, or, in his own estimation, too good, for Bartlemy Fair or Greenwich-hill, no man compels him to go thither; but there is a young fry always coming forward, and the 'cakes and ale,' which the over righteous refuse, may 'be hot in the mouth' for them—the broad merriment, the gay spectacle, the cheap treat, the bustling confusion of such a scene now and then, operates as a spur to labour, and a reward to that virtuous exertion which is invaluable in youth. The old adage, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' has in it more of sound policy as well as good temper, than the preachments of a thousand reforming philosophers.

Besides, *health* hangs on hope and relaxation, we all know the astonishing energies we all possess in the hours of resolution and expectation, and what right have we to abridge our fellow creature of that blessing most necessary to him who must labour alike for his bread and his physic? Heaven help 'em, I would with all my heart there were two fairs instead of one, that pale 'prentices and sickly sempstresses, and the whole tribe of alley-pent-up children, and garret-dwelling mechanics, might gaze on wonders, or eat gilt gingerbread the oftener. For my own

part, I pity sincerely the soul that is too polished to partake the joys of the most homely of his brethren, and grieve that we have amongst us any Praise-God Bare-bones so little aware of that spirit he possesses as to seek to extinguish 'their homely joys.' In Scotland the 'occasion,' as they call the sacrament, is turned into a meeting not one whit better than our fairs, and were these fanatics to have their way it would soon be the same with us. Is it not better to keep our religion and diversions apart, to know when to pay tribute to Cæsar, and when to pay homage to the Most High?

I grant, there is not to my perception as much pleasure in witnessing this cockney saturnalia, the meeting of cronies, the conscious smiles of young lovers, nor even the squeakings of penny trumpets, as there is when the same things pass in the streets of a village in Derbyshire, during the week of the wake or feast. The meeting of a consumptive, looking tailor with a pallid printer, is very different from that of two Cumberland men at a wrestling match, and the innocent and good among the visitants of metropolitan revelry are so blended with one's ideas of those unpastoral personages, the police officers, and those professors of Spartan ingenuity, the pickpockets, that one's philanthropy is apt to flag in taking the circuit of spice-stalls and Thespian stagers, little goes and legerdemain. But yet pleasure is pleasure, and to shake the load of care from a pair of shoulders accustomed to ache under it is a point gained in existence. 'Vy! vat are you at,—vat are you ater there?' the standing bit of wit with which cit meets cit in the tug of a 'good squeedge,' as the features relax and the marble-hard hands of shoemakers unite, has a cheering sound; and then when Mrs. Suds, of the great washing establishment, 'she vat himploys twenty-two women,' and the Miss Sudses, and all the little dears, meet Mr. Turpentine, 'the great boiler, as keeps his country-house in a charming situation, going to Valworth, vith not a bit o' pride in him,' and treats the 'vole heap with nuts and plums,' are they not happy? and are not some found 'like laughter holding both his sides' at 'them three men in the shews,' besides plenty of *ladies*, who are slop-makers, and makers of slops, much too genteel to be happy at all, and playing off airs of indifference quite as natural, if not as graceful, as those of their betters in the side boxes. Are there not bright eyes cast down in sign of indifference, and rosy cheeks meant to look as pale as those of a fainting heroine. Nor is the affectation of indifference confined to the sex which never feel it—No! there are philosophers too proud to be pleased with merry-go-rounds, and whose minds are too potent to be moved even by brown stout—who are too John Bullish to be mirthful, and too wise not to rejoice in the power of contrasting their own misery with the 'quips and cracks of wanton wiles' of the ignoble crowd—these originals delight me.

Let the great go to York, I would I were there with them, for nothing on earth can surely come so near to heaven as Handel's music in York Minster. Let *them*, I say, go

there, and take their fill of those higher pleasures where the senses are as handmaids to the mind, but let them not, under pretext of bettering his condition, deprive the poor man of his more humble joys, his *drops* from the cup of which many drink so lavishly. It has been asserted with great truth that our poor are better fed than anybody of their description in Europe, but it has been also said truly, that none work so hard for it, and that every people have more pleasure and amusement than our's. Surely, in this time of national prosperity, which is, for that very reason, one of hard-working, we should not break down that little under the feet of new-fangled doctrines; and we have not now to learn that harmless merriment is the best way in which those humours carry themselves off which a repellant system never fails to render dangerous.

'Men are but children of a larger growth'—more especially when their minds are uninformed, and therefore their passions uncontrolled: give them, if you please, books, for Nature has provided some in every class with minds capable of appreciating their value; but as, even among the Corinthian pillars, many are found, incapable of relishing anything better than glittering baubles and *Bartlemy Fair* mountebanks, so surely the former should be provided with rattles and Punch, with the temptations of sugar-plums and lollipops.

When all is said the subject allows, we yet know that the lower orders of persons in the metropolis are neither a sottish, malevolent, nor cunning race, and that, considering how often they mix in necessary contact with the depraved, it is actually astonishing how much simplicity and sincerity there is amongst them. Let us beware how we expose them to becoming worse, in a vain endeavour to make them better; and, above all things, let us not affect to substitute our taste for their's because it is better, for in how many things do we daily witness that it is a sin in private life not to be forgiven! and not less in society, on a larger scale, does habit, and custom, and even nature, declare *chacun a son goût*. I am, dear sir, your's, &c.,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

NEGRO CRIMES AND NEGRO PUNISHMENTS. WERE not the subject too serious to jest with, one might write an amusing article on the rather singular estimate that is made of crime in our West India islands, according to the ratio of punishment. The interesting review of the parliamentary papers on the slave trade in *The Literary Chronicle* induced me to turn to these documents, and I could not but discover the frequent singular disparity of crime and punishment. Thus Will Anderson for beating 'two of his wives' was punished with eight stripes, while Thomas Wood and Sandy Spritley, for cruelty to two mules, are sentenced to receive fifteen and twenty stripes. The inference is, that in Trinidad mules are more valuable than women, or that Will Anderson's wives deserved beating, which the mules did not. Laver Thatcher, another Negro, is only sentenced to twelve hours' confinement, for 'abusing and want-

ing to beat his wife, and to turn her out of the house to take another, although he has a child by her,' while Gatto Campbell, for 'doing bad work in the field to a trench, and answering the head overseer when found fault with, it was d—d well done,' is punished with twelve stripes of the cart whip.

The value of time, too, is strangely calculated by the whip; thus Paul Collins, who 'lost half an hour's work,' receives eleven lashes; and Charles Randolph, 'who absconded ten days and a half' is punished with sixteen stripes! Trinidad would not do for boxers, and we do not wonder that Molineaux and Richmond, and other sable heroes of the fist, emigrated to this land of fighting and freedom. Alick Gardener and Charles House, for quarrelling and fighting in the field (Moulsey Hurst, I presume) were sentenced, the former to twenty-five, and the latter to twenty stripes. When ladies—Negro ladies, fight, they are only punished with confinement. Inhumanity is, of course, a great crime among slaves, as we have seen by the punishment inflicted for cruelty to mules, and, therefore, Rebecca Steady, for 'insolence, and refusing to make soup for her child,' is punished by confinement for two hours in the rum cellar. She went in *steady*, but it is doubtful whether she came out so or not. The women appear to receive little protection, for we find Humphrey Clinker (no relation to the Bramble family, I am assured) is only confined twenty-four hours in the stocks, for the double crime of 'striking a woman, and raising a disturbance in the Negro houses.'

Some of the crimes puzzle by their vagueness; such was the offence of Catherine Beverley, who, 'for being insolent, and using insinuating language,' was confined two nights and a day in the stocks. Now, if, as Dr. Johnson asserts, 'insinuation be the power of pleasing or stealing upon the affections,' we do not see how it can be made a crime, unless the overseer began to fear the influence of Catherine Beverly; but I think offences are strangely estimated in Trinidad, where we find Rose merely confined in the dungeon one night, although her crime was 'having given her house to the woman Ann, to cuckold her husband, and having collared the said husband of Ann.' I looked out for Ann's punishment, but scarcely could expect the meditated crime to be punished, when its actual committal is passed over so slightly as was the case with Abba, who for the two offences of 'cuckolding her husband and quarrelling in the Negro house,' was only confined in the hand stocks six hours. This is the same Abba, for whose broken head Sidney and Quashy were confined in the black-hole twelve hours and whipped twenty-five lashes each. A striking instance of coincidence of name and character, on which a very learned essay might be written, occurs in the person of *Bacchus Wine*, who was confined one night in the stocks, for being drunk!

Neglect is among the heavy crimes at Trinidad; for a Negro, 'for allowing a fine cow to die in the pasture without informing the manager,' was reminded of his duty by

eighteen lashes of the driver's whip. Refusing to take medicine is punished with the stocks. Query, would not compelling the culprit to take it, be punishment enough?

Twenty-five stripes is nearly the maximum, though in some cases more are inflicted. In one instance (and not the only one) it appears excessive; a poor fellow of the name of Peter Delezee, with a Vestris-like propensity 'for dancing to the drum after the hour appointed by government,' had twenty-five stripes inflicted on him. In the West Indies there are crimes 'not dreamed of in our philosophy'; there a bad memory is a more grievous fault than theft or desertion. Thus Tombo Congo, for *forgetfulness* of duty, has ten stripes inflicted with part of a bridle rein. Then we have a Louis Lindo punished with twenty-five stripes, for not flogging four Negroes, with whom he had been concerned in stealing rum. Other offences are difficult to define; of this class we should call 'impertinence,' which incurs a penalty of twenty-two lashes with a cart whip. The women do not seem the most manageable, and some of them contrive to get punished for very strange offences; we find a Zemire de Bourks 'eating dirt and leaving her work without leave,' by which she incurred the penalty of being confined one hour in the stocks. The offence of a Zemire Congo is more natural: she is put in the stocks for six hours, for 'being pregnant, supposed by her reputed husband, having two spare husbands, creating a battle among them, in which she joined, and creating an uproar in the plantation.' Some of the offences are too offensive to ears polite to be repeated, particularly that of Betsy 1st, who told the driver to kiss her. O, fie, Betsy the First! The more heinous offences I pass over, my object being to notice those only which are peculiar to a slave population. The punishments, however unequal they may seem, appear to be meted out with great care and accuracy, for a slave, who was confined twenty-two hours, was put three hours and a half in the hand and feet stocks, and nineteen hours and a half in the bed stocks! This division of time shows with what scrupulous care the punishment of slaves is weighed and measured.

A person with leisure might make an amusing ditty on the names of the slaves, some of which are curious enough. Many of them are called after the days of the week, and the Heathen mythology is ransacked for names by which to distinguish these sons and daughters of bondage. In the advertisement for runaways, we have seen a knock-kneed Hercules, and a Venus dreadfully disfigured with the small-pox. In the list we have looked over, we find a Brutus, a Scipio, and a Bonaparte, with Volney, Humphry Clinker, Rule Old Boy, London Little, &c. &c. In conclusion I will observe, if in perusal of this brief article I have afforded any amusement to the reader, I shall be the first who ever rendered the slave trade entertaining.

DESCRIPTION OF SALEM IN NEW ENGLAND AND ITS MUSEUM, BY AN AMERICAN. SALEM is a charming place. It is the second town in New England, in commerce, wealth,

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and population. It is built on a low peninsula, formed by two small inlets of the sea, called North and South rivers; over the former of which is a bridge 1500 feet long, connecting the town with Beverly; the other separates it from Marblehead, and forms the principal harbour. The streets are irregular but handsomely built, and the houses, old and new, in a state of repair which bespeaks wealth and comfort. The town is richly adorned with shrubbery; and every house of importance has its garden planted with fruit and ornamental trees, and variegated with flowers. It contains thirteen or fourteen churches, three banks, a court-house, almshouse, an orphan-asylum, an athenæum, containing upwards of 5000 volumes, the East India museum, and sundry other edifices of note. The commerce of Salem is extensive, the heaviest portion of which is with India. Indeed, on descending to the heart of the city, a stranger might, from the signs, almost fancy himself in Calcutta. On one building we saw the 'India Museum,' on another the 'Oriental Insurance Company,' and on another the 'Asiatic Bank.' A view of the Museum alone, though by no means as extensive as some others, is worth a journey thither from New York. It is composed of curiosities from various parts of the world, but more particularly from Asia, and the Mediterranean. This Museum belongs to a Society composed exclusively of masters and supercargoes of vessels, who have sailed round the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn, and which consists of more than 160 members. It is open to strangers without expense, and to the politeness of the Rev. Dr. Bolles, and one of the trustees, we are indebted for a full examination of its rare and curious contents. To the antiquary and the lover of natural history, it is a most interesting exhibition; and to the eye that can be delighted with the beautiful and the rare in the objects of human ingenuity, and animal production, there is food for much gratification. We have not room for a particular description, but must glance at a few of the most prominent objects. The collections from India are very extensive and various. There are several figures of the Orientalists, of different castes, clad in their native grotesque costumes, either rude or rich, as the case may require. Among the sculptures were many symbols of gross superstitions and idolatrous worship, one of which was a figure, sculptured in granite, with six arms and hands, standing on the back of a lion couchant. There are many ancient relics of Egyptian art; and a rich and rare collection of shells and minerals; many curiosities from the islands of the Pacific, including a quiver of poisoned arrows from the Sandwich Islands, and the robe of the late king Tamaamaah. Indeed there is food enough in this collection—'novelties of form and splendour of colours in birds and animals, reptiles and insects, fishes and flowers, fruits and foliage, and plumage whose tints outvie the rainbow, and whose brilliancies eclipse the gem'—to feast the senses for a long time. Among other specimens of art, we examined, with great curiosity, two small pieces of very white wood,

cased in glass, the one representing Heaven, the other Hell. The blocks of wood in which these representations were wrought, were perhaps three-fourths of an inch thick, by three inches diameter: It is difficult to give upon paper an idea of these inimitable pieces of workmanship. Perhaps the nearest approach to it would be the inside of a watch. In the cell representing Heaven, the Almighty, encircled in glory, sits in the centre, surrounded by myriads of angelic figures, wrought with microscopic minuteness, yet by attitude and countenances, speaking a state of ineffable happiness.—The other representing *Hades*, contains a like microscopic representation of the torments of the damned. Innumerable spirits are fluttering round the Prince of Darkness, with serpents and dragons, 'gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dre,' writhing in all the agonies of exquisite torment and fell despair. For the examination of these ingenious pieces of workmanship, a glass is necessary. They were the work of a monk of Italy, in the middle ages.

Every thing, from the unwieldy palanquin to the minutest insect, is arranged in the most perfect order, and in fine preservation. Among the paintings, we gazed much upon a beautiful picture of the Temple of Apollo at Athens, with a distant view of Athens, presented through one of the richest landscapes which the magic art of the painter can portray. We had not time to enjoy the splendid collection as we could have wished; and were reluctantly obliged to leave this delightful town much sooner than we could have desired. The venerable Pickering resides in this town; and having retired from a long course of public life, poor and honest, now cultivates a farm with his own hands. The only evidence of *magic* which we saw, was the *enchanted* beauty of the place. In passing over the whole town, nothing that looked like a witch was to be seen; and the few Quakers that we saw, looked like such civil and excellent people, that we 'wondered what they used to hang 'em for.'

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. RAVENHILL, THE ENGRAVER.

ALTHOUGH literature and the arts, perhaps, never were more encouraged than at the present day, yet genius is still sometimes found buried in the haunts of poverty, pining in want and obscurity. A case of this sort has just occurred, in the death of Mr. Thomas Ravenhill, an engraver, who was last week found dead in a garret, at an obscure lodging, in Weymouth Street, where he had lodged for nearly three years, without being visited by a single friend or relation.

'No brother, sister, parent, nigh,
To soothe his pangs, or catch his parting sigh;
Nor had he, in his last moments, even the attentions of a nurse or a landlady, for he was found, on the morning of the 16th inst., lying a corpse on his bed, having died of apoplexy. Of this artist, a correspondent in *The Times* newspaper gives the following particulars:—

'The late Mr. Thomas Ravenhill (whose sudden death is stated in your paper) was originally an engraver, and engraved several of the plates to Grose's *Antiquities*, besides

various other topographical prints for the magazines. He worked for Hooper, the publisher of Grose, then keeping a shop in Holborn, facing Bloomsbury Square, where Bullock's auction room now stands; beneath whose roof also resided Captain Grose himself, for the convenience of publishing his work. There is a large print of Grose and another person, as friars, making merry over a bowl of punch. The other portrait is said to be of Capt. Forest; but Mr. Ravenhill asserted, it was always considered, in his time, to have been intended for a likeness of Hooper, the publisher. Ravenhill at that time had considerable employment: but the great improvement in the style of topographical engraving deprived him of business, and he has latterly lived by taking sketches of antiquities in various counties for the purpose of illustration, particularly those places mentioned by Lysons, in his *Environs of London*. About seven years ago, he printed a small tract, entitled *A List of Topographical Sketches* accurately taken on the spot, some years back, by T. Ravenhill, chiefly in London and the counties of Kent, Middlesex, Surrey, and Essex. Many of these having never been engraved, they will be found useful for the illustration of Lysons, and other authors who have noticed the antiquities in and round London. This tract contained a list of about three hundred and fifty subjects, with a brief address on the advantages of preserving our national antiquities. He frequently was employed to make copies of a great proportion of them; and certainly has been the means of preserving views of many public buildings, now destroyed, of which no other resemblance remains. In the richly illustrated copy of Lyson's *Environs*, belonging to J. Morice, Esq. are two views of every church mentioned in that interesting work, besides many others of antiquities, &c. from the pencil of the late Mr. Ravenhill.

'He was one of the last survivors of the old topographical engravers, whose work now would not be deemed worthy of insertion in a magazine. He was a small man, upwards of seventy, lively, with a great flow of spirits, and felt a strong interest in everything connected with the illustration of Pennant's *London*, or Lyson's *Environs*. About a week since, he spoke with great enthusiasm of his copy of the latter work, illustrated with a great number of additional prints and original drawings. From the account on the inquest, it would appear he was destitute of effects; but the original sketches for his drawings, no circumstances would have induced him to part with; and, although copies of them have been repeatedly made, they would still possess a value to the collector.

'His appearance bespoke poverty, but from his conversation nothing of the kind would be surmised; indeed, he seemed very indifferent about the sale of his drawings, and could scarcely be induced to exhibit any specimens, although they would frequently have produced him numerous orders. He thought his list and a sketch was sufficient; but, of course, illustrators wished to see the style of execution, as well as the subject.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PLEASURES OF POETRY.

To Alaric A. Watts, Esq.

AND dost thou love the lyre,
Those strains the Nine inspire?
Still cherish the spell,
Nor endeavour to quell,
The wand'rings of genius' fire, Mary!
How sweet is a poet's dream!
'Tis like the morning beam,
Breaking out from the womb
Of the midnight gloom,
And reflected in the stream, Mary!
'Tis a passionate sense, refin'd,
That spells the enthusiast's mind;
That bids time cope
With life's storms and hope,
In his own breast a haven to find, Mary!
As the bow in the darkling cloud;
When the thunder peals mighty and loud,
Does sweetly shine;
In colours divine;
Like a conqueror of victory proud, Mary!
So in the minstrel's mind,
A heavenly calm you'll find,
When all his life through,
He combats with woe,
And still to peace is inclin'd, Mary!
Some have laughed at the minstrel's art,
And persuaded him with it to part;
But this never would be,
Could they once but see,
A minstrel's inmost heart, Mary!
It hath fibres so finely wrought,
And depths with such feelings fraught;
In a world like this;
There is not a bliss;
But a poet has eagerly caught, Mary!
And when Pleasure her finger flings
O'er its various-form'd strings,
In the passionate swells,
Which her touch compels,
How it thrills; whilst to gladness it rings, Mary!
But should Grief's most ruthless hand,
Ere its tremulous chords command,
Should they break in the clasp
Of so rude a grasp,
They'll triumph, though they cannot withstand,
Mary!
Then always love the lyre,
Those strains the Nine inspire;
Still cherish the spell,
Nor endeavour to quell,
The wand'rings of genius' fire, Mary!
12th September, 1825 O. N. V.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE winter houses commence their campaign forthwith: Drury Lane Theatre opens on Saturday, the 24th instant, with the interminable *Faustus*, and *Raising the Wind*, which managers sometimes find rather difficult. Covent Garden commences on Monday, with *Julius Cæsar* and *The French Coronation*. Both theatres have, as usual, been furbished up during the recess, by the spreading of some half acre of gold-leaf, and the application of as much paint as will serve until this time next year. At Drury Lane the royal arms have been richly emblazoned, mouldings been added to the upper tiers of boxes, and, in the front of the dress-boxes, Shakspearian subjects, which some few persons could understand, have given way to histori-

cal groups, which will puzzle all the Oedipuses the pit will have for the next ten months. The orchestra has been made regular, and, although there are many things which might have been better, yet, on the whole, the appearance of the house is improved.

At Covent Garden Theatre some improvements, or alterations intended as such, have also been made. At both houses, many of the old performers have been engaged. At Covent Garden, Mr. Warde, of Dublin celebrity, succeeds Mr. Young, who is not engaged; and at Drury we are to have Miss Stephens, Mrs. Davison, Tayleure, &c.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Two clever and popular pieces have been played at this theatre during the week, in addition to the novelties of the season. The first was the *Boarding House*, in which Mathews played Peter Fidget with much animation, and introducing two of his favourite songs, made it very attractive. Keeley played the recruit extremely well; we are glad to see this actor shaking off his mannerism, it was the only sin which beset him; the simplicity with which he gave his droll similes excited much amusement. Tayleure was the Admiral Culpepper, and what with his size and bluster, was enough to frighten the whole crew of a French seventy-four. The other characters were respectably sustained, and the piece was throughout much and deservedly applauded.

On Thursday night Colman's *Inkle and Yarico* was performed. The piece was strongly cast: Bartley, in Sir Christopher, displayed much humour (perhaps too much) and Cooper played Inkle, as he plays most characters—judiciously. Mathews's Trudge was very unlike the Trudges we have seen, and if not a more correct, was a more popular personation of the character. In this piece, however, the ladies bore the bell, and no wonder, when we state that Miss Kelly was the Yarico of the evening, moving the affections of her auditors at her will. Miss Paton was the Wolski, and sung delightfully; and Miss Goward's Patty was a piece of chaste acting. The whole was a very effective representation.

YORKSHIRE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—If the often-mooted question, whether we are or are not a musical people, were to be decided by the *argumentum ad pecuniam*, there is no doubt that it would be determined in the affirmative, for in no country in the world is so much money expended on gratifying a taste for music as in Great Britain. A striking proof of this has just been exhibited in the Yorkshire musical festival, which commenced on Tuesday, the 13th instant, and finished on Friday, the 16th. The festival was held at York Minster in the mornings, and in the evenings at a new splendid concert-room, which was built at an expense of £6000. The receipts for the four days amounted to £20,250. More than £100,000 is believed to have been expended in the city by visitors, on the occasion; and it would not, perhaps, be too much, to add £35,000 more for travelling-dresses, &c., so that it may fairly be calculated that the sum of £150,000 was expended on four days' music. If there had been

in Paris, Vienna, Naples, Venice, or Milan, an assemblage of all the vocal and instrumental musical talent, not only of the present day, but of past ages, not one half the sum would have been realised.

Another proof of the love of music is exhibited in the avidity with which an account of the Yorkshire musical festival was obtained and communicated to the public by the daily journals: they, collectively, are a good thermometer as to the state of public opinion, and when we see them, at a great expense, sending down reporters and procuring their descriptions by express, we may rest assured that the subject is considered of deep and general interest. Of the performances we have no room to speak, nor is it necessary, as the details have been given in the daily papers. Since the commemoration of Handel, the festival has had nothing equal to it; there were six hundred and fifteen performers, including all the best singers, English and foreign, in the country. Nothing could be more effective than the whole performance.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MR. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM is preparing for publication Paul Jones, a romance.

In the press, a translation of La Motte Fouquet's charming romance, *The Magic Ring*; a work which came out long before *Ivanhoe*, and is said to rival that *chef d'œuvre* in definitions of tournaments, tilts, and all the life of chivalry.

Shortly will be published, an historical novel, entitled *William Douglas, or the Scottish Exiles*.

Nearly ready, in one volume, 12mo. the *Cook and Housewife's Manual*, containing the most approved modern receipts for making soups, gravies, made-dishes, pastry, pickles, and preserves; also for baking, brewing, making home-made wines, cordials, &c. &c. By Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Roman's.

In the press, a valuable work, entitled *The Contest of the Twelve Nations*, or a comparison of the different bases of human character and talent.

An annual work is announced under the title of *Janus*. We are promised the first volume before the termination of the year. The prospectus states, that the most distinguished literary men in the kingdom are engaged in the undertaking. It will appear in one volume, post 8vo. and will consist of tales, original and translated, occasional essays, popular illustrations of history and antiquities, serious and comic sketches of life and manners, &c. &c.

The pope has lately founded a philological college at Rome, on the same footing as the ancient Sorbonne in France. It will be charged with the examination of all literary works before they are printed.

Comet.—A comet has been observed during the week. It is now passing through the south-eastern part of the constellation Taurus, and forms an equilateral triangle with Aldebaran and the Pleiades, the comet being situate in the south-eastern angle. The tail, or rather brush, points toward the south-west, and when the night is favourable, ap-

years from two to three degrees in length. The nucleus emits a light about equal to a star of the third magnitude, and has travelled through rather more than one degree or two of the moon's diameter, during forty-eight hours.

Arctic Land Expedition.—One of the daily papers states that intelligence has been received from Captain Franklin up to the middle of June, at which time all was well. A statement so vague, and which does not name the place or neighbourhood where Captain Franklin was, or by what channel advices have been received from him, is entitled to little attention. The following outline of the proposed route of our gallant countrymen is given in *The Baltimore American*. 'Captain Franklin and his exploring party are to proceed by the Erie Canal, Lakes Huron and Superior, to Fort William, and thence to Winnipeg, Atabasca, and the Great Bear Lakes, near to which place they are to winter. In the spring the party are to proceed down M'Kenzie's River to Bhering's Straits, where a ship will be in readiness to transport them to India, with a view of getting into the South Sea. Dr. Richardson's party will separate from Captain Franklin at the mouth of M'Kenzie's river, and explore the country as far as the Coppermine River. Captain Beechey, after having landed Captain Franklin at Canton, will take in provisions for Bhering's Straits, where he expects to meet Captain Parry. The agents of the Hudson Bay Company have formed depôts of provisions for the whole route. The want of the canoes, which were abandoned at Cape Turnagain, from weakness and fatigue, proved a terrible bar to the crossing of rivers; but on this occasion a water-proof canvas boat has been provided, so admirably contrived that it may be separated into pieces, one of which each of the party may stow into his knapsack, or carry in his pocket!'

Balloon Navigation.—We lately gave an account of an aerial ascent made by Mr. Jolliffe and Mr. Cornillot, as an experiment of steering a balloon. The latter gentleman has since published a narrative of the ascent, in which he states, that—

'Successfully to practise the principle adopted by Mr. Jolliffe and himself, of rendering the machine stationary at a given point, the four following conditions are absolutely indispensable:—

'1st. A balloon so thoroughly impervious that the hydrogen-gas should be even more closely secured than when in a bladder.

'2ndly. A valve constructed with the most minute exactness and the diameter of which does not exceed nine inches.

'3dly. A mode of correctly ascertaining the weight of hydrogen-gas discharged by each stroke of the piston.

'4thly. An arrangement of ballast, prepared in different proportions, from the weight of several pounds to the fractional parts of an ounce.'

The excavations recently made at Pompeii have brought to light some of the most interesting objects which have yet been discovered. They consist of a house, which, from its paintings, has been named the *Casa*

del Poeta Dramatica; a public bath complete; a marble statue, similar to those of Cicero; a large equestrian statue in bronze, supposed to be that of the Emperor Nero; and various other objects. The *Casa del Poeta*, by its commodious distribution, the elegance of its decorations, and the manner in which everything appears to have been perfected, is superior to any that have been yet discovered. At the door is the figure of a watch-dog, well traced in Mosaic with the following motto 'cave cane'; on another part of the pavement is a Mosaic of a woman playing on the *tibia*, an old man exhibiting two tragic masks, and two actors preparing for exhibition. The paintings on the wall represent a poet or an actor, reading a manuscript before three handsome women, who listen to him with great attention. In a bedroom is one of those *obscena* so frequently found in the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In the public bath everything is complete. There are four rooms, which the ancient Romans required in these establishments, namely, the *hypocaustum*, or furnace, the warm bath, the cold, and the vapour baths, besides the room which served as a dressing-room, the corridor for the persons who waited their turn, and the entrance-hall. These *balnearii* are very highly ornamented, the ceilings and walls are covered with handsome stucco-works, and the floors are all of different coloured marble or Mosaics; the roof of the chamber wherein is the cold bath, is a dome with an opening in the centre, through which the light penetrates; the bath is lower than the pavement: it is about twenty feet square, and is composed entirely of white marble. In the hall of the warm bath is a large *concha*, or shell, on the edge of which is written, in large letters of bronze, the name and quality of the giver, and the price to be paid for it. In the corridor is a bronze furnace, at which the frequenters of the baths warmed themselves. Several *strigides* (a kind of brush which the Romans made use of) have been picked up, which have been sent to the Musée Royal.

Mr. Nash's plan of the intended new streets from Charing Cross through the Seven Dials, and northward crossing Broad Street, St. Giles's, to the British Museum, including, likewise, several principal new streets from east to west, connecting therewith, is about, we understand, to be carried into effect, and the several parishes in which the improvements will be made have received notices and plans, preparatory to an application to Parliament during the next session. Copies of the plan have been delivered to the different parishes in detached parts, each parish only receiving a copy of so much of it as relates to the buildings to be pulled down, and afterwards erected in that parish; but it remained for Mr. Henry Sawyer, copper-plate engraver, to collect and publish the whole. The engraving, which is now in course of publication at Mr. Sawyer's, gives a very correct idea of the projected improvement. There is not a house, or a fragment of a house, intended to be pulled down, which is not clearly pointed out. The new stacks of buildings that are to be erected are

distinctly traced in this plan, and thus thousands of the existing generation, who may not live to see this great work completed, may survey in anticipation the future symmetry and beauty of this quarter of London.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Under the flooring of the cloisters at Magdalen College, Oxford, were discovered a few days ago several curiosities, amongst which are a kind of medal, probably struck to commemorate Queen Elizabeth's visit to that university; also some ancient coins, and some letters addressed to the ancient inhabitants of the apartments; one of them is dated 1627, and directed as follows:—"For the celebrated Master Peter Heylin, Fellow of Magdalen."

Effects of Superstition.—When the census was taken in Spain, says the *New Monthly Magazine*, in 1787, the number of females of that country, confined in cloisters for life, amounted to thirty-two thousand. In the single city of Seville, there were, in 1805, not less than twenty-nine nunneries. The new constitution and laws of Spain have suppressed these worse than useless institutions; and the proceeds have been appropriated for the public service.

Catherine II. said of Diderot, 'he is in some respects a hundred years old, but in others no more than ten.'

Fontenelle used to say, 'What always made me satisfied with my low condition of life, was to see Cardinal Dubois come to me to be soothed and comforted, and that I never had occasion to apply to him for a similar purpose.'

Character and Property.—Baron Garrow in his charge to the jury at the Lincoln Lent Assizes in 1818, in the cause *Butler versus Clarke*, remarked,—'In the course of my experience in courts of justice, I have observed that juries, in estimating damages, are much more tenacious of infringements on property than on character; this to me is unaccountable—for what is property when character is gone? Character is far more valuable than wealth, and when attacked unjustly, compensation cannot be yielded with too liberal a hand.'

Osborne, the bookseller, bought the whole of Lord Oxford's library for £18,000. His lordship gave £18,000 for the binding of only the smaller part of it.

The deputies of the great metropolis in Germany once offered the great Turenne 100,000 crowns not to pass with his army through their city. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I cannot in conscience accept your money, as I had no intention to pass that way.'

Herculean Memory.—The following instance of extraordinary memory is related in an *American Paper*, *The New Bedford Mercury*. We perfectly agree, that few men, since Hortensius, have equalled Mr. Richardson. The mention of Jonah is, however, unfortunate, as it makes the story 'very like a whale,' and reminds us that our swallow must be capacious to digest it. 'There is now living, at Martha's Vineyard, a man by the name of Richardson, who is truly remarkable

for his uncommon strength of memory. He is a man of average intellects, but makes no pretensions to science. It has been often said that he can repeat the whole Bible. The writer met him, not long since, at Chilmark, and, being desirous to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the stories which have often been told of his gigantic memory, requested him to repeat a chapter or chapters from some part of the Bible. This, with much apparent reluctance, he consented to do. He first repeated the 8th and 9th chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, which he did with greater accuracy than most persons can read them. He next repeated a part of the book of Jonah, with similar success. Being asked if he could ever repeat the whole Bible, he replied in the negative, but modestly owned that he could repeat pretty largely from almost every part. He can repeat from other books, from newspapers, &c., with the same facility. The writer has no doubt that Mr. R. could easily repeat fifty or one hundred chapters, in direct succession, from almost any part of the Bible. Perhaps there have been but few men since the time of the celebrated Hortensius possessed of a memory like that of Mr. Richardson.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Sept. 16	62	68	64	29.86	Fair.
.... 17	66	68	62	.. 85	Showery.
.... 18	63	67	64	.. 85	Cloudy.
.... 19	66	69	66	.. 85	Do.
.... 20	64	69	64	.. 82	Fair.
.... 21	64	67	58	.. 62	Showery.
.... 22	58	65	53	.. 80	Cloudy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LONDON in September, and a Song, by an old Correspondent, in our next.

In answer to a Correspondent we must observe, that we were led to expect a Ramble from Asmodeus long ago, but we will not delay his communication much longer.

Works just published.—Weddell's Voyage to the South Pole, 8vo. 18s.—Black on Capillary Circulation, 8vo. 6s.—Wright's Guide to Dublin, map, 14 plates, 2nd edition, 9s.—Acton's Diary of Husbandry, 6s. 6d.—Entertaining Stories, in Verse, from English History, 4s.—Shepherd's Summary of the Law of Elections, 15s.—Sergeant's Aid to Memory, 6s.—Carpenter's Calendarium Palestinæ, 2s. 6d.—Butler on Irritative Fever, 12s.—Antediluvian Phytology, royal 4to. 24. 10s.

In a few days, in post 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

ATTIC FRAGMENTS. By the Author of the Modern Athens and Babylon the Great. London: printing for Knight and Lacey, Paternoster Row.

This day is published, in 12mo. the Fourteenth Edition, corrected and illustrated with Maps, price 4s. 6d. bound.

GEOGRAPHY and HISTORY, selected by a Lady, for the Use of her own Children.

London: printed for Geo. B. Whittaker; Longman and Co.; Baldwin and Co.; Hamilton and Co.; Harvey and Co.; C. and J. Rivington; J. M. Richardson; Simpkin and Co.; Sherwood and Co.; Boosey and Sons; Baker and Co.; and J. Souter.

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MESSRS. KNIGHT and LACEY appreciate the numerous Subscribers to this Work, and the Public generally, that No. 16 will be published on Saturday, October the 8th; and that, having obtained important assistance in the Editorial Department, they are enabled to promise the remaining numbers regularly, one on each succeeding Saturday, until the whole be completed.

Paternoster Row, Sept. 15, 1825.

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